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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications : and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The disturbances in India, in the extreme east and the extreme north, are the result of organised professional agitators. They are supported by violent language in the native press—both English and vernacular—which the repeal of the Press Act has made it hard to restrain. Some of these people even pose as persons able to dictate terms to the British Government. A part of the plan in connexion with the so-called partition of Bengal was to stump the country with just such agitators as are now working in the Panjab with some success. They seem to be native vakils or pleaders, promoted, by the way, by Reuter, in the exigency of Code telegraphy, to the status of barristers. It is from this class and from the teachers in schools and colleges—chiefly paid by the State—that the preachers of sedition have always been drawn. The Government seems at last to have roused itself to deal with its own educational officers. It is a little late. The impunity hitherto enjoyed has naturally been set down to fear in the authorities and has encouraged fresh excesses. Force, being of little use in hands that dare not exert it, becomes a neglected quantity, and hence the spectacle of a vicious outbreak against Europeans in one of our largest cantonments.

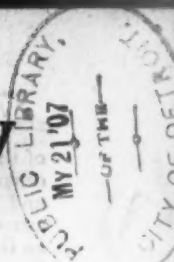
So far the agitation may be treated as artificial. But certain ways of it show the red lamp. Popular commotions of one sort or another have always been recurrent. It is not a mere coincidence that this year is the fiftieth anniversary of the Mutiny. Disturbances however have always centred in some cause which touched the religion or home life of the people—cow-killing, plague sanitation, child marriage, the conflict of rival creeds and such like. Unless supported by local leaders they gained no force. Now for the first time race hatred against Europeans is openly stirred, finds expression in unprovoked violence, and is made the central motive of seditious assemblies. What is even more significant is that despised strangers from Bengal—themselves of alien

race—seem able to rouse mobs in the Panjab by appeals to such motives, even though the mobs are the floating scum of the bazaars. The Government while well aware of the causes and agencies at work—are they not shouted in the market?—have unwisely waited on events. Meanwhile Mr. Morley and his Council are considering a measure which has been foreshadowed as one to end agitation by making concessions to it.

However, Mr. Morley recognises that something must be done, and the Panjab Government and Lord Minto are acting. Lajpatrai, the arch-agitator, has been deported. The power of arrest is designed to meet important political emergencies. It enables the Viceroy to imprison during his pleasure by warrant without any further process of law any persons whom he considers dangerous to the State. The power is rarely used—its mere existence being a safeguard. When Dhulip Sing in his later days of desperation tried to rouse an India that never knew him, he turned back from Aden because a Viceroy's warrant was awaiting him at Bombay. When laying local agitators by the heels it would be well if some of the leaders of the organisation who own seditious newspapers or manage State-aided Colleges were not entirely overlooked.

In China, too, the course of progress is not running too smoothly, if it is running at all, or is not ever "running backward". Of late the tone of newspaper correspondents' despatches, not even excepting Dr. Morrison's, has been optimistic ; to us it has seemed rashly optimistic. If some of the latest reports are true, our scepticism is justified. It is said that an arch-reactionary, Tsen Chun-Hsuan, is now supreme at Peking and is causing the impeachment wholesale of the more enlightened officials. Prince Ching has been dismissed. But by far the most serious matter is the impeachment of Yuan-Shih-Kai, Viceroy of Chi-li. Yuan-Shih-Kai is of course the foremost of all the progressive officials, and probably the ablest man now in China.

Mr. Kurino, the Japanese Ambassador in Paris, has let it be known that an understanding with France in regard to Indo-China will be concluded in the course of two or three weeks. It is intended to guarantee the independence and integrity of China and the possessions of the two Powers in the East ; in fact to confirm the present situation. This agreement is the complement



of those with Great Britain and Russia. There are two other Powers with interests in the Far East, Germany and America. Mr. Kurino has stated that a similar agreement with Germany would have no *raison d'être*, as Germany has no territory, Kiao Chau being only on lease. The German papers so far have contented themselves with pointing out that the agreement may embarrass France as the ally of Russia. Germany however can make herself awkward if she is ignored, as Algeçiras showed. If the agreements between the four Powers, Russia, Japan, Great Britain, and France, imply, as he says, the prevention of other nations acquiring territory in the Far East, there seems the germ of future trouble in them; but Japan as usual is brimming over with noble pacific sentiments.

During the week many brilliant State functions have been held in honour of Prince Fushimi, the eldest of the Japanese Imperial Princes, who arrived here on a special mission last Monday. His mission is to acknowledge ceremonially the Garter Mission of Prince Arthur of Connaught to the Mikado in 1906. The Prince is a distinguished soldier and served in the China-Japan war of 1894-5 and in the Russo-Japanese war, when he commanded the First Division at the battle of Nanshan. His first visit to England was in 1885, and he then also visited America, France and Germany; in 1896 he was in Russia at the Tsar's Coronation, and in 1904 he went as Special Envoy to the United States. Two of the most distinguished members of his suite here in England are Admiral Baron Yamamoto, who held the portfolio of the Navy during the war with Russia; and General Baron Nishi, who commanded the Second Division of General Kuroki's forces. The State visit will cease on 13 May.

The "Mikado", or one of the various representations of the "Mikado", was not repeated at Leeds this week, as was expected. Has the Lord Chamberlain again been bringing his weight to bear against it? Years ago Mr. "Bobby" Spencer made a remark which took the country by storm. "I am not an agricultural labourer" is probably the most famous and popular saying that any politician, large or lesser, has made for many years. It is doubtful whether any saying of Mr. Gladstone has been repeated quite so often or joyously, not even "Marching through rapine", &c. The Lord Chamberlain might safely have trusted this saying to give him a niche in history. But he must insist on going down to posterity as a man of action as well as a man of words. The result is unhappy. He has robbed the public of its pleasure; and this is as great an offence to the public as to rob it of its purse.

Since the French Chamber met again on Tuesday M. Clémenceau's Ministry has been exposed to a raking fire from all parties, Moderate Republicans, Socialists and the Right, for the Ministerial dealings with the General Confederation of Labour and the trade unions, labour troubles in general, and anti-militarism. The two Socialist Ministers, M. Briand and M. Viviani, have had a specially hard time from Socialist speakers. M. Deschanel's speech reveals the dissatisfaction of the moderate Republicans with M. Clémenceau and is suggestive of an early effort being made to defeat him. Their charge is that M. Clémenceau has played with the danger for the support of the extreme parties and now inconsistently is "taking them by the collar". The spectacle is not morally impressive, exclaims M. Deschanel; whereupon M. Clémenceau discloses the drift of M. Deschanel's attack by remarking "I am ready to give up my place to you". The probability is that this will happen before long.

The Prime Minister's references to Prince Bülow in his Manchester speech on Thursday were quite unobjectionable in a diplomatic sense. He could not of course remove the impression his unfortunate article and speeches have made that Germany has taken a more judicious and dignified course than this country on the question of disarmament proposals at the Hague Conference; but he was careful to remove any appear-

ance of friction between the two Governments. He was not so wisely restrained when he came to talk of the Transvaal. To Sir Henry his own performance there seems "magnificent", to others it appears fustian generosity. Our Prime Minister let see his natural feeling towards soldiers and sailors when he described the waters between Canada and the United States as "not disfigured by a single ship of war". Happily it is not usual for Englishmen to speak of a British man of war as disfiguring any waters. No wonder naval men are so fond of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

Sir Henry rather admits the assistance the Imperial Conference will give to Tariff Reform propaganda, when he rages at Mr. Balfour's "unblushing attempt" to commandeer the Premiers for Tory purposes. Mr. Balfour will not be disturbed by this charge. If there has been any tampering with the Conference and its proceedings, it has not been by Mr. Balfour's party. But the colonial offer confirmed at the Conference, on the top of Mr. Asquith's budget, has had its effect with some free-food waverers. Mr. Hayes Fisher and Mr. Robert Yerburgh are not alone among those who have had conviction borne in upon them by events, and are now prepared "to face any risks, if risks there be", involved in preference and certain taxes on food rather than take the greater risk of alienating the colonies "by clinging to an anti-colonial Cobdenism". Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Arthur Elliot still hold out. Lord Hugh's letter to the "Times" shows a strange inability to gauge the significance of the preference movement.

A fair measure of controversial hardihood is required to maintain, as the "Westminster Gazette" does, that this Conference has marked a general stage forward. The Conference agrees in future to style itself Imperial, and its proceedings as a whole have been less imperial in character than either of its predecessors. The Imperial Government has taken a local view of vital questions, and the colonies, as the result no doubt of the unresponsive attitude of the mother-country, have adopted particularist platforms which certainly do not encourage optimism. The result is that Great Britain, under the economic guidance of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Churchill, dissents from the resolution of 1902 so far as any possibility of change in our fiscal system is concerned, and that Canadian representatives are now on their way to secure trade terms from the foreigner which the mother-country will not entertain.

Even Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who could not rise to the level of an Imperial Council lest it might in some way restrict Canadian liberty of action in local matters, felt bound to protest against the narrow view taken by his Majesty's Government on the question of coastal privileges. Mr. Lloyd-George argued at length and with a great show of statistics that we should hurt ourselves if we took any action against those countries which refuse coastal facilities to British vessels. The United States, as Canada and Australia know to their cost, are especial offenders in this respect. Here, as in the matter of tariffs, it were easy to secure reciprocity, in other words equality of treatment and opportunity, for British enterprise. Mr. Lloyd-George and his colleagues hold up their hands in pious horror at the bare thought. As Sir Wilfrid Laurier suggested, they do not look at the question from the imperial standpoint, but from that of the United Kingdom. In this direction, as in preference, they are content to send the Premiers empty away.

When on the other hand Mr. Deakin proposes—without, we are sure, any intention to do imperial solidity a bad turn—that Australia should withdraw her naval subsidy and be permitted to build and control a local fleet, the Government is able to assent, to quote the special reporter, "in the most gracious manner and without qualification". That Australia should advance such a claim, cutting as it does at the root of imperial defence, is pitiable. But that the Government should find a way of reconciling the concession with Lord Tweedmouth's perfectly right statement of the necessity

for central control in naval matters is not astonishing. It is the kind of anti-imperial accommodation they are good at. Mr. Churchill's belief is that some day the Conference of 1907 will be looked back to as a date when one grand wrong turn was avoided. It is unfortunately more likely to be regarded as a cul-de-sac.

It is now Mr. Birrell's turn in the House. He is quite a star, as the present Parliamentary company goes, and he has the premier rôle in this year's piece unless Mr. Haldane can claim equality. Perhaps Mr. Haldane and Mr. Birrell may be described as the double stars of the season. Mr. Birrell had in every way the leading legislative part last year, which he carried to an impotent conclusion. This strikes us as a very likely omen of his second effort. There has certainly been no love at first sight for his Irish Bill in any quarter. Naturally: for it must offend Unionists in what it does and Nationalists in what it leaves undone. It pretends to be democratic and stultifies its democracy. It takes its stand on trust in the Irish people and its provisions disclose the deepest distrust of them. It removes certain Irish matters from Parliamentary control but does not relieve Parliament of an iota of Nationalist interference in British affairs. A peddling measure beside Mr. Gladstone's Bills, it yet retains the precise flaw which wrecked them—both in Parliament and in the country.

Shortly, the plan is to simplify Irish administration by substituting for a large number of departmental Boards, more than forty of them, a single Irish representative Council, as to about three quarters elective, and one quarter nominated; the Lord-Lieutenant to be Chairman with a right of reservation and also, apparently, with the power to hang up proposals before the Council indefinitely. To carry out the Council's work some £600,000 a year is to be added to the amount contributed by the Exchequer of the United Kingdom to Irish resources. At first sight this may seem rather harmless gas and water, and possibly an improvement. But it will not stand looking at. Indeed it already looked very much less pretty after Mr. Balfour's speech. Its simplifying effect shrinks terribly when it appears that it will touch only nine out of the forty-seven Boards objected to. And the complication arising out of the impossible position assigned to the Lord-Lieutenant is enough in itself to make the scheme unworkable. On the other hand there is nothing to justify any expectation of better administrative work from this mongrel body than from the old Boards. Mr. Birrell does not even commend it to Parliament on that ground; but on the ground of democracy, yet he is afraid to be democratic.

Willing to be Home Rulers, and yet afraid to be, the Government have missed the chance—from their point of view—of a great gain, but have taken hardly less risk of a great loss. It was always open to Mr. Gladstone to say that for the chance of a great gain he was taking a great risk. But Mr. Birrell's Bill admittedly will settle nothing; it will conciliate no Irish sentiment; Mr. Healy has of course already fallen tooth and nail upon it; while it will exasperate the sentiment of Ulster Unionism as much as Home Rule itself. It is doubly cursed, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, having nothing in it to satisfy the Nationalists, yet everything in it to excite the suspicions of the Unionists. As an administrative machine it is not easy to see what good it can do for Ireland; but it would be difficult not to see how easily it can be turned into a political machine. On this Council there would be a permanent and overwhelming Nationalist majority. If they did not use it with effect in the agitation for Home Rule, they would be changed indeed from the resourceful and astute politicians they have always been. Mr. Birrell may have a modest opinion of his opponents' intelligence, but he must know that in this case he is spreading the net quite in vain.

The debate on Lord Newton's House of Lords Reform Bill was of a high quality. It fell away a little in interest after Lord Rosebery had made his speech—and had cleared off what some may describe as a "dead body of hate" against the Government—and verged even on

dulness at the end; but in two days of discussion on a very difficult subject there was not one really bad speech. And this is above even the average form of the House of Lords. Lord Rosebery apart, it would not be easy to say who spoke best, but Lord Robertson's speech deserves more attention than the press has given it. Stiff Toryism was the note he struck throughout. He ended with a hard thrust at the Prime Minister—whom perhaps he had no very friendly relations with in his House of Commons days when Scotch business was to the fore. The House of Lords had defied Mr. Gladstone—it need not shrink from a tussle with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman! Contempsit Catilinæ gladios—non pertimesco tuos.

Lord Rosebery made an attack on the Government precise and quite pitiless. He sneered at it as a sort of infirm Snodgrass, taking off its coat and announcing "Look out, I'm going to begin" (to thrash the Peers) and not beginning after all. He pressed home against the Prime Minister charges of attacking the rights of property, of punishing landowners, of filling up the cup against the House of Lords: and he even employed some stinging personalities, singling out one land-reformer, Mr. Agar Robartes—"a private member, so private that he has altogether ceased to be a member of Parliament". The whole speech indeed was bitter, without mercy, and—from a Liberal point of view—almost satanically clever. But though we welcome it, and laugh over it, and wish for more of the sort, we must all admit that it was the speech not of a Liberal but of a Conservative. Liberal papers are nettled by the speech. Have they any more reason to feel nettled than if the speech had been made by, say, Mr. Balfour? Lord Rosebery holds Conservative views—why in the world should he not express them?

Mr. Parsons is a good sportsman—as the rabbits and hares of Hurstbourne have had reason to lament—and his letter to the "Times" suggesting that the controversy between himself and Lord Portsmouth should now close is a hint which Mr. Lea M.P. will doubtless take. The demand of the "Daily News" that Lord Portsmouth should be dismissed because three or four years ago he dismissed Mr. Parsons is really rather extravagant. Perhaps it was not meant seriously; but, if so, it is a dangerous matter for the leading paper of the Liberal party to jest about. The amount of ill-feeling which hares and rabbits have been answerable for in this country is appalling. If they only knew of the discord they sow between landlords and tenants and poachers, we fancy they might feel fully avenged of their deaths.

Poor Mr. Cumming Macdonald, he had all the heart and the energy to achieve a considerable success in the House of Commons, but his active powers were as a rule so misdirected. It is impossible to think of him without recalling the part he took in quite the most ludicrous personal scene that has been played in the House for many years. Mr. Macdonald was appointed secretary to Mr. Hanbury and he rose with immense enthusiasm to the occasion; or rather he sat to it, seizing the pet seat of Mr. T. G. Bowles and declining to budge when Mr. Bowles came and tapped him on the shoulder. The idea, of course, was to remove Mr. Bowles from the bench immediately behind the Ministers, whom he was attacking with truculence day after day. Mr. Bowles tried to regain his seat by leaving his blue-books early in the morning and coming down to the House. But Mr. Macdonald, anticipating this, turned up in the dark, and pounced on Mr. Bowles' seat in the small hours.

Mr. Bowles worsted in early rising—his forte—waited for a revenge, and took a terrible one ere long. There was a Thames Watermen and Lightermen Committee, and Mr. Macdonald as member for Rotherhithe was naturally a member of it. But Mr. Bowles rose and made a solemn speech against the inclusion of Mr. Macdonald's name, and, if we recollect aright, favoured another name instead. He "boshed" Mr. Macdonald fearfully and the whole House was fairly beside itself with laughter. Mr. Macdonald had to sit through this

ordeal, and many even among the most uproarious laughers must have pitied him a little. But though sorely wounded at the time, he bore no malice, and the quarrel appears, later, to have been patched up. The dog-fancy world was angrier with Mr. Bowles probably than the victim himself, for Mr. Macdonna was a great figure at dog shows.

On Presentation Day at London University Lord Rosebery mentioned the recent election for the Chancellorship of Oxford University. London University appreciates the privilege of having an ideal Chancellor, and we can quite believe it had been disturbed by the possibility—though only a possibility—of his going to Oxford. It would have been rather trying for both parties to meet if Lord Rosebery had voluntarily and seriously tried to sever their connexion. Perhaps Lord Rosebery's adroit plausibility would have been equal to smoothing over even so awkward a situation. As, according to Lord Rosebery, there never had been a contest, but only a protest, the awkward situation had never arisen. The protest was, of course, against Lord Curzon's candidature as political; and certainly Lord Rosebery can hardly any longer be described as a Liberal politician. Having disposed of these personal matters Lord Rosebery was free to compliment Lord Curzon, and to panegyrisé the millionaires of South Africa whose generosity to London University he handsomely acknowledged.

Mrs. Gaskell's books are so good in every sense of the word that everyone who knows them must wonder for what reason any of them can be unsuitable to young persons. We should rather congratulate the parent of any young person who liked to read them. Yet "Mary Barton", one of Mrs. Gaskell's best known, though far from the best in a literary sense, has been removed from the libraries of the London County Council by the education committee. The reason given is that it is unsuitable for scholars attending public elementary schools. We fancy this kind of criticism is founded rather on the prejudices of the old than on any deep knowledge of the youthful mind. The committee is not composed of young persons and it would really be interesting to know what it is in "Mary Barton" that has influenced the judgment of the elders. Is the offence against private or public morality? We remember the story chiefly for its description of the social and industrial conditions of the period along with Disraeli's and the Young England party's contemporary descriptions.

It is impossible for the Royal Academy year after year to keep the level of its oratory up to the level of its cuisine. There were several good speeches at the banquet on Saturday, but we cannot say that there was any speech to "set one on thinking". Mr. Deakin had a great welcome and spoke with feeling and good sense, but it is to be hoped that the "imitation" of the art of the Royal Academy which he promised on behalf of Australia will not be too slavish. The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke well and insistently on the evil of smoke. It is a hideous blot on our civilisation. Fifty miles west of London, in certain conditions of wind and atmosphere, the country is perceptibly disfigured by London smoke: and this evil is, without a doubt, largely caused by the ignorance and carelessness of private householders who do not know how to stoke their fires without creating volumes of black smoke.

There were some especially attractive collections shown at the Royal Society's soirée on Wednesday. The zoological contribution was strong. Dr. Dixey's collection of tropical and sub-tropical butterflies was quite fascinating. It showed, in two parallel lines, the form taken by the same butterfly when emerging in the wet or in the dry season respectively. In some the variation is most pronounced, so much so that they would be taken for different species. Protection seems to explain a good deal of this variation. As ever, this, the men's soirée, was a very successful function. You can pretty well always depend on finding there the man you want. Professor Ray Lankester was much in evidence, undisturbed by anything the future may have—or may not have—in store for him.

IRELAND AGAIN.

IT is not usual—even under the present administration—for a Minister of the Crown to closure his departmental predecessor in the middle of a speech, and we can only suppose that Mr. Birrell's unprecedented discourtesy towards Mr. Long on Tuesday is due to weariness of introducing infructuous Bills. However, as this Bill, whatever its end, will occupy most of the session, it is worth while to examine the first draft. Until Mr. Redmond has discussed it with his so-called National Convention it is not easy to see what trend the inevitable alterations will take. But the Government has shown its hand, and though the Nationalists may call for a fresh deal on the ground that they do not like some of the cards now exposed, we must take the measure in its present form as the rough draft of a new constitution for Ireland.

Two questions must be asked about any measure for altering the government of Ireland. First, will it improve practical administration? Second, will it tend to satisfy the aspirations of the majority of Irishmen for a fuller assertion of national consciousness and autonomy? Mr. Birrell has practically answered the second question in the negative. Mr. Redmond demands an Irish executive responsible to an Irish Parliament: Mr. Birrell offers him a Council which will control the action of eight forty-fifths of the present Irish executive (to accept for a moment the Chief Secretary's arithmetic) and guide the policy of that fraction so far as the funds put at its disposal by the Imperial Parliament enable it to do so. It may not pass laws or levy rates. If it wishes to undertake a really large scheme of public works, it must starve schools. It can pass resolutions, but the Viceroy, the nominee of an English party, may ignore them. The Irish Council will in theory have far less power than the legislature of any colony. Such a constitution is not what Irish Nationalists desire: it is—on paper—most galling to their aspirations. Yet its creation endangers the legislative union. Liberals pretend to see an inconsistency in the Unionist argument here, and chuckle at Mr. Balfour's supposed admission. Yet the point is clear enough. If the Irish Council sticks to its administrative duties—if, in fact, one hundred and seven councillors behave as Sir Antony MacDonnell would behave if made dictator, using their powers, with a sense of duty to the Crown, to improve the working of the departments committed to them, the question of legislative autonomy will remain exactly as it is at present until the time comes to take stock of the Council's work. But no popular assembly, elected on party principles and jealously restricted in the scope of its operations, will accept such a position. It will be most difficult to abolish the Council, however incompetent it may prove, but there will be a constant temptation to enlarge its powers for the sake of peace and quietness. The new Council will give the Sinn Féin party exactly what they want, a machinery for paralysing Irish administration so long as Separatist demands are refused. The experience of the central Council of County Councils shows what may be expected: here was a body without legislative powers, but able to pass resolutions, convened for the common consideration of the practical tasks of the Irish County Councils. After a year or two the Nationalist majority violated the express agreement on which the Ulster councils had sent representatives, and insisted on discussing party questions reserved for the consideration of Parliament. The Unionist minority rightly withdrew, and the Nationalists (against the better judgment of some of their leaders) destroyed the germ of possible self-government. The first act of Mr. Birrell's new Council would be to pass a resolution, by about sixty-five votes to forty-two, that no progress could be made in Ireland until a separate Parliament was established. The Lord-Lieutenant could send it back, and then there would be a deadlock. Irishmen who believe with their whole heart in the principle of Irish independence hold any means justifiable for advancing their end. The moneys at the disposal of the Council would be devoted to those purposes which would chiefly embarrass the executive. The demands of the Council would be reiterated at Westminster,

with undiminished vigour and what would seem to English Liberals a new authority, by eighty Nationalist members.

For Mr. Birrell's scheme does not evade the obstacle which wrecked Mr. Gladstone. Parliament would exercise no effective control over the annual expenditure in Ireland of £4,000,000, while Irish members could interfere with every penny spent in Great Britain. The House of Commons would find Irish debates as numerous and as prolix as ever. Nor would the tone of political life in Ireland be improved. It is sometimes urged, not without force, that Irish Unionists (making nearly two-fifths of the population and including more than three-fifths of the educated classes) stand determinedly aloof from what Mr. Birrell calls the stream of the national life and fix their eyes upon England. If Irish representatives were removed from Westminster, the Irishmen who at present are Unionists would have to square accounts with their domestic opponents without calling in help from across the Channel. It is just possible that a *modus vivendi* would be reached, though the stream of national life would carry a good deal of wreckage past the walls of Dublin Castle first. But Mr. Birrell provides the best possible means of exacerbating the mutual relations of the Irish parties. The Dublin minority would perpetually try at Westminster to get even with their Irish opponents. Just as the rhetoric of Dublin would find an echo in London, the mistakes of Dublin would be held up by the local minority to the reprobation of the predominant partner. This is human nature, nor would it be in any sense unpatriotic of Irish Unionists to use their constitutional weapons against corruption or intolerance on the part of the Irish majority. Their first duty would be to Ireland, not to the amour-propre of Mr. Birrell's Council, and if that Council abused its powers they would have a perfect right to appeal to their fellow-subjects of the King. Why Irish Unionists, who value and desire to retain the position of Ireland as part of the governing power of the British Empire, are supposed to be less patriotic than Home Rulers who want to see Ireland in the place of a third-rate colony, we have never quite understood.

Mr. Birrell complicates Irish politics by dividing the country into eighty-two new constituencies, which are to co-exist with and cut across the existing 103. There will be twenty-four nominated members, and the task of nomination will not diminish the Lord-Lieutenant's difficulties. The Council will control eight existing departments. Under it the Commissioners of Public Works will be compelled to undertake operations whenever and in whatever way the majority of councillors may determine. Thus by a happy device the seamiest side of colonial politics is acclimatised in Ireland. The Congested Districts Board will have to take its orders from a body four-fifths of whom know nothing of the peculiar conditions of the West. The Local Government Board, already unpopular with County Councils for doing its plain duty, will be delivered over to its tormentors. The whole machinery by which the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction works in co-ordination with the present popular Council of Agriculture—the working of which was characteristically misrepresented by Mr. Birrell on Tuesday—must presumably be pulled to pieces. At present the County Councils send delegates to this Agricultural Council: the delegates are sent for a single purpose, have on the whole a fair knowledge of their business, and have given real assistance to the vice-president. Mr. Birrell decrees that in future the Department must take its orders from politicians directly elected by the constituencies, that is to say by men in whom no expert knowledge of agriculture is likely to be found, amenable to the shopkeepers and gombeen men who dread the progress of co-operation and whose point of view has lately been revealed by Mr. Dillon. What this really means is that the co-operative movement will be impeded in every possible way and the patronage of Sir Horace Plunkett's Department placed in the hands of the United Irish League. The Board of National Education and the Intermediate Education Board are to be replaced by a new Education Department. The present educational organisation has many grave defects: will they be mended by substituting for two committees of

educated men a mob half of whom may be all but illiterate? The Council will be afraid to refuse any request made by the Gaelic League, which would subordinate all other educational requirements to the teaching of the Irish language.

But the Council cannot touch the Judicature, or the Police, or the Land Commission, that is to say, cannot interfere in the three departments of life which chiefly interest the Irish politician. Of what avail will it be to him to make rules for reformatory schools if he is still liable to arrest when he incites a mob to wreck a grazier's farm? The reservation of the Police proves that Sir Antony MacDonnell has counted for much in the preparation of the Bill, and may suggest a place of repentance in Mr. Birrell. What an eloquent commentary on the sincerity of Liberal Home Rulers that Mr. Birrell is afraid to let Irishmen handle their own land question or control their own police; he will not even allow them to settle their own university problem!

LORD CROMER.

“WITH the help of those I have mentioned and many others, I have, I think, in spite of my shortcomings, done a good piece of work here during the last quarter of a century.” With a reserve characteristic of his race and of his family Lord Cromer thus describes his share in the regeneration of Egypt. The Barings have ever been a family of deeds rather than of words, and they may well be proud of the Viceroy of India and the Consul-General of Egypt, both of whom ruled in the same generation. It is now thirty years ago that Mr. Evelyn Baring was appointed a Commissioner of the Egyptian Debt, and twenty-four years since Sir Evelyn Baring was appointed Consul-General of Egypt. In the seventies Egypt was not only a disgrace to civilisation, but a standing menace to the peace of Europe. Ismail Pacha was an Oriental despot of the old thoroughbred type, not without the qualities of magnificence and good-nature, but absolutely indifferent to the condition of the unhappy wretches whom the Sultan of Turkey had placed under his rule, except as objects of extortion. He borrowed enormously and added palace to palace; and in order to pay the interest on his loans slavery, forced labour, the kourbash, corruption of magistrates and officials, were universally resorted to. Added to these evils, there was the uncertainty of the Nile (so graphically described by Lord Milner in his book on Egypt), and the consequent periodic droughts; and finally there was the perpetual terror of an invasion by some Mahdi from the Soudan. Egyptian bonds a quarter of a century back were the favourite speculative counters of the European bourses; and so deeply interested were English, French, German, Austrian, and Russian financiers, that when Ismail's affairs became desperate, these nations were obliged to send special representatives to Cairo to look after their respective interests. So hopeless were the Egyptian courts of justice that international tribunals had to be set up; and thus upon the chaos of Eastern barbarism was superimposed a layer of European officials, seething with jealousy of each other, scrambling shamelessly over the partition of the national estates, and intriguing with the Khedivial Court for political influence. When Sir Evelyn Baring went to Egypt it was, without exaggeration, a hell upon earth. Of course the predominant interests of England and France soon asserted themselves, and Austria, Germany and Russia fell back to watch the duel between the two protagonists. It is needless, and it were tedious, to recall the Dual Control and the various abortive efforts of English and French diplomacy to escape from the Egyptian labyrinth, to place Egyptian finance upon a sound footing, and to restore order in the government. We did not at that time discern in our newly appointed Consul-General the founder of modern Egypt. We sent out specialist after specialist, financial and diplomatic, to examine the patient and prescribe the remedy. They arrived, these great men, Mr. Goschen, Lord Dufferin, and Sir Edgar Vincent; they looked, and shook their heads, and wrote their prescriptions in the form of

pompous despatches, and went their way. It was the regular attendant who effected the cure. Sir Evelyn Baring's strong qualities were his patience, his vigilance, his courage, and his speaking of the truth.

The refusal of the French Government to participate in the bombardment of Alexandria removed the great obstacle from Sir Evelyn Baring's path. He was freed from the incubus of the Dual Control; and from that curious operation, to which Mr. Gladstone objected so strongly, dates the evolution of modern Egypt through long years of trial and bloodshed. Certainly the rehabilitation of Egypt owes nothing to the assistance of Gladstone and the Liberal party: rather may it be said that Lord Cromer achieved his end in despite of Gladstone and the Liberal party. For the disasters in the Soudan and for the death of Gordon Sir Evelyn Baring was no more responsible than the man in the street. But he undoubtedly did owe a great deal of his success to the co-operation of certain Egyptian statesmen and certain British officers and civilians. Lord Cromer is too great a man to forget how much the greatest men owe to those who work under and with them. We were all the more surprised that in the farewell speech at Cairo Lord Cromer, while rendering his acknowledgments to Nubar and Riaz and Fehmy Pachas, and to Sir Colin Moncrieff, Sir William Garstin and Sir Reginald Wingate, should not have mentioned the names of Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner. We are under the impression that Lord Kitchener devoted a decade to the creation of the Egyptian army: and we have always understood that Sir Alfred Milner's work in connexion with irrigation and the financial administration was of that first-class calibre which stamps all his public services. Lord Cromer could not have forgotten the great soldier and the great civilian; and he must have regarded them in his mind as splendid birds of passage rather than as regular members of the Khedive's service. There can be no other explanation of an omission that will rather jar upon a public which, however erroneously, associates Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener with the building up of the new Egypt. Lord Cromer's speech at the Cairo Opera House was a State record of the greatest of England's political achievements in modern times. In the short space of twenty-four years slavery, even in its mitigated form of forced labour, has been utterly abolished, as have the kourbash and backsheesh, and all the other forms of corruption and cruelty that once were rampant. Even that wayward and capricious sovereign, the Nile, has been compelled, by dams and canals, and reservoirs, to obey Lord Cromer's orders; while the Egyptian debt is no longer, as the Khedive said, a matter of international concern. Nothing succeeds like success; and the same European Powers who used to be always trying to get England out of Egypt are now begging her to stay. Lord Cromer humorously expressed the change of French sentiment when he said that a few years ago he was invariably referred to in the French press as "Moloch", or "le brutal Cromer"; but that now he was always called "cet illustre vieillard". The taxes are fair and regularly collected; the Courts are properly administered; and the humblest fellaheen feel that they are before the law the equals of the Pacha and the white man. There is nothing comparable with our conquest and reorganisation of Egypt except our Indian administration. But the most impressive part of Lord Cromer's speech was the warning as to the future. To his successor, Sir Eldon Gorst, to the Ministers of the Khedive, and the other representatives of European Powers before him, Lord Cromer declared that whatever influence he could exert would be exercised in the direction of "steady progress on the lines already laid down. I shall deprecate any brisk change, any violent new departure; more especially, if necessary, I shall urge that this wholly spurious manufactured movement in favour of the rapid development of parliamentary institutions be treated for what it is worth. And, let me add, it is worth very little. It does not really represent the voice of the intelligent dwellers in Egypt, European or Egyptian." Equally certain is Lord Cromer that the agitation of the "Nationalists" does not represent "the voiceless millions of blue-shirted fellaheen", whom

he solemnly "warns against allowing themselves to be duped and misled by their pseudo-representatives, who, without a shadow of real authority, credit them with ideas which they neither entertain nor fully comprehend, and who advocate a political programme, the immediate adoption of which, while detrimental to all other interests, would, I am firmly convinced, be specially hurtful to the poorest classes of the community". The Liberal party at Westminster have not yet taken up Egyptian Nationalism; but they will. When that evil day arrives, Lord Cromer's weighty monition will be recalled, and may serve to enlighten the more intelligent portion of our electorate. The unique feature of Lord Cromer's career is that he has ruled a province for a quarter of a century without making an enemy in either of the political parties of Great Britain. Other proconsuls have done as great things, or even greater; but the greatest of them have been recalled, or impeached, or abused, by Government or Opposition. Lord Cromer's success is "totus teres atque rotundus"; not a voice is raised in disparagement of his "good piece of work".

POLITICS IN UPPER AND LOWER AUSTRIA.

MANY factors are at work in Upper and in Lower Austria. Three parties are endeavouring to secure the support of the electors: the Christian Socialists and their clerical allies, the old-fashioned Liberals, whether they call themselves *freihetlich*, *fertschretlich*, or prefer to belong to the People's party, and the Social Democrats. We recently dealt with the Christian Socialists, whose influence and power can only be grasped by a study of the history of Vienna. There was a time when the municipality and the representation of Vienna were in the hands of the old Liberal party who spoke for the rich bourgeoisie, many of whom were Jews. In those days the franchise was restricted to the men who paid ten gulden a year in direct taxation; but their hours were numbered as soon as this franchise was reduced to five gulden a year paid in direct taxation. There was then a democratic minority in the Town Council, but that minority had a very able representative in Dr. Karl Lueger, the present Burgermeister of Vienna, who has now held office for more than ten years, and who in course of time was to found the Christian Socialist party. Vienna is peculiar amongst the capitals of Europe. Although its population is now close upon two millions, its working classes are comparatively few. There are no manufactories of any size or extent. The town of small trade, it is well known for its wonderful leather, jewellery, and fancy articles. This work is done at home, and the artificer has no means of marketing his wares except with the assistance of a middleman, generally a Jew. The Viennese workman has felt for a long time that the middleman was getting far too much profit, and there are few towns in Europe where the anti-Semitic feeling is more strongly developed. By tradition the Austrian aristocracy have not been allowed to turn their minds or their hands to work of any kind. They have not been able to recoup their fortunes by wealthy marriages; debts have been incurred and estates have been sold which have fallen into the hands of wealthy Jews. Hence it was that when Karl Lueger raised the standard of anti-Semitism, he found but little opposition from the great territorial aristocracy. At first many of them held aloof, for his methods were rough and his language forcible, but as time went on it was realised that the man was honest and had the working classes of Vienna at his back. There was, on the other hand, a religious revival fostered by Father Abel, an eloquent Jesuit thoroughly conversant with the people, understanding their ways and able to address them in that homely dialect of Vienna, the mastery of which was at one time the secret of the popularity of the Ruler whom the Viennese fondly called their great good Emperor Franz, when Francis I. was regarded by Liberal Europe as the embodiment of a heartless autocracy. Father Abel has effected as great a reform in the religious as Karl Lueger has achieved in the political sentiments of the

people. Assisted by Leopold Kundschar he has got at those working men who have not been absorbed by the Social Democrats, and it is generally anticipated and even acknowledged by their opponents that the Christian Socialists stand to win two-thirds of the constituencies of Vienna. It is more than probable that they will carry a large number of those constituencies which take their lead from Vienna and which at the present moment are represented by such men as Dr. Scheicher and Dr. Albert Gessmann, who is now, during Dr. Karl Lueger's illness, acting as leader of the party. If we turn to Upper Austria we find even the Socialists themselves admit that sixteen of the rural constituencies are hopelessly lost by other parties to Clericalism. As the "Arbeiter Zeitung" recognises in its issue of April 24: "In Upper Austria the separation of the constituencies into town and country divisions is responsible for the fact that a fight can only be anticipated in two or three rural and in the six urban constituencies. The sixteen rural constituencies are hopelessly lost to Clericalism"; and it is anticipated that the opponents of the Clerical party will only be able to make a show in the three rural divisions—Gmünden-Isch, Lambach-Haag-Schwanenstadt, and Maudthausen-Berg-Grein.

The Social Democratic party comes next in order of precedence. Their leader, Dr. Victor Adler, is an able and conscientious man, who has suffered heavily for the cause; but he has a bitter tongue and indulges in the most violent abuse of his political opponents. His hopes rest upon the working men of Vienna and of the industrial districts who have been organised into trade unions. There is nothing very violent in the Austrian Socialist, who, whatever he may believe in his heart of hearts, never alludes to the future Socialist Commonwealth in his political speeches. His actual platform policy is not extreme. He wants to reduce indirect taxation on such necessities of life as beer, brandy and tobacco, which bring in such a lion's share of the national revenue of the Empire, and he wants to substitute an income-tax and death duties rising progressively with every successive standard. He wishes to devote this taxation to a fund of national insurance against sickness, accident and old age on the model of Prince Bismarck's State insurance in Germany. He favours the reduction of the period of military service to two years. He advocates free meals for school children and the divorce of religion from education, the reduction of hours of labour, freedom for people who have been divorced to marry again. He then denounces the administration of Vienna by the Christian Socialists and all that they have thought, said or done during the last ten years of their administration. It is true that in other respects his methods are more advanced and that the Social Democrats have been largely instrumental in working up the strikes which have taken place in Vienna; in doing so they have formed trades unions which have coerced men who wished to work; but up to the present Social Democracy has not been a power in the land. In the last Parliament it only numbered eleven members; but it will probably return sixty strong to the new Parliament elected by equal, direct, universal suffrage.

No plight is more pitiable than that of the Austrian Liberals, who have never recovered from the injurious effects of their alliance with the old Jewish Government of Vienna. There are great, able and distinguished men amongst them; in fact they are the party of the "intellectuelle", but they are not popular, and have got out of touch with the people. They have also lost prestige through the failure of their meeting in the Music Hall. This had been heralded forth by advertisements posted up in every corner of Vienna for weeks in advance, and the Liberal press had talked of nothing else; but when the day came, the hall which was capable of accommodating some three thousand people was not more than half full. The speakers hardly received their proper share of attention, and one of them, Dr. Curanda, the candidate for the "Kaierviertel", one of the only two out of the thirty-three constituencies of Vienna that the Liberals have a fair chance of winning, had by no means a favourable reception. There was a complaint that his candidature had been forced upon the constituency by the Central

organisation, and this was resented. It is true that on the following day the rival Liberal withdrew from the contest, but the mischief had been done. A meeting which was to achieve great things proved an absolute failure, and matters were made worse by the Liberal press, which honestly and openly admitted that it had been a thorough failure. The concluding words of the leading article in the "Neue Freie Presse" were hardly encouraging. "The unpleasant issue of to-day's electoral meeting urges us to unite, and instead of being discouraged, each Liberal should feel himself impelled to preserve the election from a similar issue. If that happens, the Liberal bourgeoisie need not despair of success, either for the present or for the future."

It is not easy to forecast the result of the election in Vienna, in Upper and Lower Austria, or in the Empire. New men untrained in politics are asked for the first time to proceed to direct election. It is true that 72 out of the 415 members of the late Parliament were returned by universal suffrage; but it was not direct, and the members were not brought into direct touch with their constituents. Many electors stopped at home, and these men have now every inducement to record their votes. If they fail to do so, those who live under the jurisdiction of the Diet of Upper and Lower Austria are liable to a fine varying according to the means of the delinquent of from one to fifty crowns. This will induce many to exercise the franchise who would otherwise have refrained. Whatever happens, however, one issue is probable. The Liberal party will lose many seats, and the Christian Socialists and Social Democrats will rise from the position of groups to the dignity of parties who have to be considered on every occasion.

LORD NEWTON'S BILL.

ALTHOUGH proposing as great a constitutional change as any since the first Reform Act, Lord Newton designedly pitched his speech in the low key of humorous conversation. He carefully eschewed all discussion of the democratic and hereditary principles, and refrained from any comparison of the various second chambers of other countries. Lord Cawdor touched for a moment a higher note when he spoke of the responsibility of the House of Lords to the Crown and the nation, and repeated what is perfectly true, but is often forgotten, that there are many important interests in the country without any representation, and consequently without any protection, in the House of Commons. It is not pleasant, for instance, to conjecture what might happen to the railway companies if abandoned to the tender mercies of the present majority in the Lower House. The Duke of Northumberland emphasised the same point when he reminded their lordships that owing to the disappearance of the independent member of Parliament the Prime Minister is growing more and more of an autocrat. There is no more deplorable and dangerous feature in modern politics than the refusal of constituencies to elect candidates who dare to be independent. In short, the most modern defence of the House of Lords is that it takes the place of the independent private member of Parliament, who for the last hundred and fifty years has been the most effective check on the autocracy of our Pitts and Gladstones, but who is now drubbed out of politics by the local associations, composed of partisans as keen as the whippers-in at S. Stephen's. Lord Newton put the same profound truth in a still more striking light when, defending the House of Lords from the charge of partisanship, he said that if you clutched five hundred men at random from the Stock Exchange, from the streets of the West End, or even from the Radical benches of the House of Commons, and put them down in the House of Lords, they would arrive at very much the same conclusions as the peers. In other words, the peers represent the non-partisan commonsense of the average Briton, unpricked by personal ambition, and unconcoerced by the canvasser and the caucus. If that be true—and it is—why change the composition of the House of Lords? Or if you do

change its constitution, will you alter its character? These are the questions which were put to Lord Newton both by those peers on his own side who object to his Bill, like Lord Robertson and Lord Halsbury, and by the Government in the person of Lord Crewe. They are not easy to answer, these queries. The line taken by the Government is clever, though its motive was rather innocently exposed by Lord Crewe. The cue of the Government is to praise the House of Lords as at present constituted, and to deny that it is capable of improvement. "Your lordships inefficient?" exclaimed Lord Crewe. "I am glad that remark came from the opposite side. I never said so: I am sure your lordships are most efficient, especially in the sense of producing 'effects'. I am lost in admiration of the learning of your lawyers, of the eloquence of your orators, and of the business-like capacities of your members who say 'Content' to the Lord Chairman of Committees. The Government about to lay a sacrilegious hand upon your constitution? Never! We know that you cannot be improved." All this was very clever, though delivered by Lord Crewe in an exasperatingly ineffective manner. But then the Lord President went a little too far, for he said, "We know that no reforms in your composition can change your character. There is no untapped reservoir of clever men in the country which will supply us with Liberal partisans. Experienced, impartial, and accomplished as your lordships are, we, the Government, know that you will always be against us. We shall therefore propose, after Whitsuntide, to deprive you of your legislative power. Only that and nothing more." These are not, of course, the words which Lord Crewe used; but they are a fair paraphrase of their meaning. It was a most portentous admission to make, namely, that the property and intellect of the country must always be opposed to a Liberal Government.

It seems therefore to be agreed by both parties that no change in the composition of the House of Lords will alter its character; but that it will always be a Conservative body. Then why trouble to reform its structure? The answer is that, although the practical result would be much the same, a reformed House of Lords would conciliate public opinion, which is rather offended by the undiluted hereditary principle. The chief object of Lord Newton's Bill is to get rid of what he calls "redundant peers"—those who are so indolent or so indifferent to politics that they will not attend the House of Lords. Out of six hundred peers, it is a scandal that eighty should never have taken the oath (making allowance for minors, who are about fifty); that the work of private bill committees should be done by a hundred peers; and that on a really critical occasion like the Education Bill debate not more than three hundred peers should be got to attend. Certainly the highest privilege which a human being can inherit is the right to make laws; and they cannot complain who are deprived of that which they will not take the trouble to use. The creation of a limited number of life-peers during each Parliament is excellent, and better still is the clause which enacts that the patent shall set forth the grounds on which the title is conferred. The peers qualified to receive the writ of summons by public service would be fairly numerous; and the application of the Scotch system of choosing representative peers for the duration of the Parliament by the cumulative vote would really ensure that nobody was left out who ought to be in, while it would give the Liberal peers a chance of increasing their number. The strongest objection to Lord Newton's Bill is that the peers chosen to represent their order would all be partisans, and that the election would be preceded by wire-pulling and canvassing. This would impair the present non-partisan, lukewarm character of the Conservative majority; but that is an evil which is unavoidable. It is also true that there would always be individual cases, if not of hardship, at least of probable loss to the House of Lords in respect of peers who were either not qualified or not elected. As Lord Cawdor pointed out, when a peer succeeds very young, he would not have time to acquire a qualification, and he probably would not be elected. Lord Rosebery and Lord Lansdowne both succeeded when they were very young; if

Lord Newton's Bill had been law, they would neither of them have been members of the House of Lords, unless chosen as representatives. We confess that this contingency, which Lord Cawdor evidently regarded with alarm, does not frighten us. If Lord Rosebery and Lord Lansdowne had been elected to the House of Commons when they were young instead of sauntering into the House of Lords, they would probably both have been greater men than they are today. As Burke said, "We buy our blessings at a price"; and we must run the risk of losing a Lord Rosebery or a Lord Lansdowne in order to strengthen the foundations of our second chamber in the national mind. The only practical question at issue in the House of Lords was whether Lord Newton's Bill should be read a second time and then referred to a committee; or whether the Bill should be rejected, and a committee appointed to inquire and report, to which the Bill along with other documents would be referred. Lord Rosebery was perhaps right in saying that it was hardly compatible with the dignity of the House of Lords to pass a Bill reforming their own constitution, which they knew would be rejected with contumely "in another place". The House of Lords can only be reformed by its own consent, and when a Conservative Government is in power. The prudent and dignified course is therefore to wait for that event, and in the meantime to discharge fearlessly and honestly the functions of a second chamber. Lord Newton may be congratulated on raising an interesting and useful discussion, which has shown the public that the opponents of reform are not the Conservatives but the Radicals.

THE OXFORD APPEAL.

OXFORD men no longer within the University, who have in the last ten years kept themselves in touch with the work of their University, can hardly have felt surprise at the appearance of a statement of needs and an appeal for funds signed by Lord Curzon and the President of Magdalen. Five years ago, in 1902, the University officially took stock of the position, and the results of an elaborate investigation by those most competent to speak for the various departments as published in an official volume must have carried conviction to every mind capable of being convinced by plain facts. The needs of the University assuredly have not diminished since 1902: in many departments they are far more urgent to-day than they were five years ago; and had Lord Curzon aimed at setting forth all that resident teachers feel they have a right to demand if the work they represent is to be adequately carried on, it would have been easy for him to catalogue an impressive series of claims, every one of which could be supported by powerful arguments, but which were deliberately passed over for the very good reason that it is desirable to emphasise the urgency of those on which the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor felt it their duty to insist. It is not, of course, an easy matter to determine the relative importance of this or that department of knowledge, the relative value of this or that institution. But none who knows modern Oxford will quarrel with the selection of the Bodleian Library and certain departments in physical and natural science. At the same time we could wish that Lord Curzon had made it a little clearer how the money for which he asks is going to be spent. We have a somewhat uncomfortable feeling that the movement which has resulted in this appeal has not been managed perhaps as well as it might have been. To the sons of Oxford and also to the world at large the University stands for certain principles in education, certain ideals of the intellectual life which are the historical legacy of the past, the justification of the present and the hope for the future. Loyal members of the University, anxious and willing to contribute to imperative needs, officially guaranteed as well as patently clear, will not so much require assurance that the money will be well spent, as that it will be used to increase, not to diminish, the efficacy of those principles and ideals. We are promised, it is true, full information at the public meeting to be held next week, but might it not have been wiser to hold the meeting before issuing the appeal? The immediate

question to our thinking is not so much one of taking the general public into confidence as of frankly and explicitly inviting the co-operation and support of past and present members of the University to whom that University means so much. We have little doubt that the information given at the meeting will only confirm what Lord Curzon has already publicly stated, that it will convince even the most critical and jealous of the University's advocates, and if that is so the result ought to be beyond question. Oxford ought to get the money that is asked and much more. She asks for two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Cannot we double it and provide her with half a million?

With one class of critics, therefore, regrettably springing up from within her own walls, we have no sympathy. The apparent desire of a prominent spokesman to mar the effect of Lord Curzon's appeal by prejudging the issue and misinterpreting the plain words of a plain document is simply deplorable. We are told, of course, that it is undignified for a great University to "beg". But the University is not "begging" at all. It is in reality making a dispassionate statement of its position to-day and inviting primarily its own members past and present to consider certain facts, to weigh carefully principles of policy as regards national needs and objects in the higher education, and to contribute towards the effective attainment of these because they are bound up with the effective existence of the University itself. If this is "begging", then every time since the days of Theobaldus Stampensis that a donor has contributed to the true cause of learning and education, every time that a college has contributed from its corporate funds to meet a University need plainly expressed, the University has begged. Oxford is proud to remember what she has owed in the past to the money of loyal sons, generous benefactors, and pious founders. Why should she to-day be too proud to take from those willing to help her in her national duties what she has hitherto gladly taken in every generation? Professor Case, in fact, owes his own position to-day as a Professor and Head of a college to the "begging" of the past. From his distrust of the outside influence even of Oxford's greatest sons or the non-academic world we dissent entirely. After all which is the more undignified, a University asking its sons—to whom it has given so much—for sorely needed help, or a Professor endeavouring to deny facts that cannot be denied and to belittle the work and aspirations of the University of which he is a prominent member?

Another but very different line of criticism has also recently found elaborate expression. "Redress of grievances before supply" is the pith of the argument. Oxford, it is urged, requires drastic reform in many directions. When these reforms have been carried out we shall have proof that money is deserved and a guarantee that it will be beneficially employed. Even if we admit that reform is desirable, the answer is tolerably simple. Many of the changes demanded cannot be carried out without largely increased resources. Many of the items the reformers include in their indictment would be made good to-morrow if the University had the money. The endowment of research on extended and new lines, the reorganisation and extension of "the Museum", the establishment of new chairs, and so forth, are essentially questions of pounds and shillings. The opposition does not come from a lethargic, conservative gang of pedants obstinately wedded to vicious tradition, but from sheer financial impotence. It is impractical, therefore, to insist that a University which a year ago showed on its balance sheet a surplus of five pounds should, however willing, embark on expenditure involving many thousands on capital and as many thousands on revenue account. It is only in newspaper articles moreover that reform can be accomplished by a stroke of the pen. Even a Royal Commission with the powers of a Committee of Public Safety would take several years to effect a portion of the changes demanded. The reformers are not by any means agreed: academic and public interests alike combine to require that if there are to be drastic changes in structure, in machinery, in the allotment of funds, in the revision of the relations financial and administrative

between the University and the colleges, these should not be carried out in the whirlwinds of the revolutionary temper. Why then cripple the University while we are still deciding what ought to be done? "Reform" is probably more in the air at Oxford, and has more adherents within the colleges than in the outside world. The most effective help that can be given to the cause of a sane, disinterested and public-spirited "reform" is to provide Oxford at once with the means for reviewing the situation, free from the intolerable burden of debt and annual deficits. The money, to put it shortly, cannot be got from the colleges. They contribute already far more largely than is commonly supposed to University purposes. Their staffs of teachers are to-day very heavily worked: they are for the most part very inadequately paid. Proper remuneration and reasonable leisure for the tutors are certainly matters that call for careful consideration, for on the capacity of the colleges to retain in their service the best men they produce the efficiency of the University as a seat of research and education vitally depends. And there is no little danger that to-day they may not always be able to do so.

THE CITY.

THE persistent stagnation of business puzzles the most experienced financiers. The investment market has absolutely failed to respond to Mr. Asquith's Budget, though the amount of Consols to be purchased during the current year will be £15,800,000. Consols actually fell after the Budget; and other gilt-edged securities are perfectly lifeless. As the Board of Trade returns leave no doubt as to the increasing volume of exports and imports (the buoyancy of our commerce being greater than ever before), and as money is more plentiful and cheaper, the Bank rate being reduced from 6 to 4 since the New Year, people are beginning to ask themselves, What is the hidden malady which seems to paralyse both investment and enterprise? Our belief, which has often been expressed in these pages, is that there is a great deal more gambling, i.e. speculation on open account, than is commonly supposed by financial writers. Everybody who has speculated during the past six months has lost, some very heavily. One element of vitality has therefore been withdrawn from the Stock Exchange, and it will be long before it reappears. The profits that are undoubtedly being made in the provinces by trade are being invested, not in securities, whether gilt-edged or speculative, but in fresh business operations, in extensions of plant, new stock, &c. It is only when trade begins to slacken that these profits "wander", by no means "heaven-directed", to the Stock Exchange. The two great speculative markets, the American and the South African, are sick unto death, for the time being. In the absence of all movements in these departments, we must perforce turn our attention to what are called "miscellaneous" securities.

We see that Mr. Carl Meyer has returned from South Africa. May we invite that gentleman seriously to attend to the affairs of the Pekin Syndicate? The company has an enormous property and a large working capital. There can no longer be any question of the hostility of the Chinese towards the European. There was a proposal at the last meeting of the shareholders that an amalgamation should be effected between the Pekin Syndicate and the Chinese Engineering Company, which Mr. Meyer said should receive his consideration. May we ask whether the ample opportunity for reflection afforded by a journey to and from the Cape has enabled Mr. Carl Meyer to arrive at any conclusions upon the subject? What is being done in the way of boring or shaft-sinking? Have the directors summoned up sufficient courage to enter the Shansi region? Mr. Carl Meyer is not inadequately remunerated for his services as chairman. How much longer are the affairs of the Pekin Syndicate to be allowed to drift? An extraordinary meeting should be summoned without delay, and the position explained.

The tea market has been very good during the last six months; but the higher prices realised in Mincing

Lane do not seem to have had much effect on the dividends of the leading Ceylon companies, the Ceylon Tea Plantations paying 15 per cent. as for the last five years, the Dimbula Valley 8 per cent. as for the last five years, the Standard Tea of Ceylon 15 per cent. as for the last five years. These dividends are good, but not startling, and the prices of the shares have been raised so high that in no case is the yield more than 6½ per cent. The best-managed tea companies in Ceylon planted rubber seven or eight years ago and are now reaping a rich harvest. The Anglo-Ceylon is doing remarkably well, and the Rosehaugh Tea Company, which will shortly be introduced to the public, has achieved splendid results from its rubber-trees. Lighting companies, whether supplying gas or electricity, do remarkably well, especially in the East. The Calcutta Electric Supply Company has paid dividends for the last five years rising from 6½ to 8½ per cent.; while the Hong Kong and China Gas Company has paid a steady 11 per cent. for the same period. Tramways also do well, except under the ægis of the London County Council. The Calcutta Trams have paid 8 per cent. for the last three years, while it is interesting to note that the Birmingham Trams paid 15 per cent. last year, having for the three preceding years paid 10 per cent. Among sensational dividends we notice that the Salar del Carmen Nitrate has paid 45 per cent., the Burmah Oil Company has paid 20 per cent., the California Oilfields 30 per cent., the Great Northern Telegraph Company 20 per cent., and Eastman's Kodak 17½ per cent. It would thus appear that money is to be made nowadays, not by speculating in mines, which in nine cases out of ten are swindles, but in picking up shares in well-managed companies which are quite unknown to "la haute finance".

INSURANCE.

THE COST OF PROTECTION.

WHEN a man has been paying life assurance premiums for some years and then wishes to surrender his policy it is more than likely that he will grumble at the amount offered to him by the insurance company. In some cases he is entitled to complain, because the conditions of surrender in many offices are not so liberal as they should be. Even where the only fault to be found with the terms of surrender value is that they are almost too generous, most policyholders are dissatisfied when they find that they are offered considerably less than they have paid in premiums. They think that their money has been earning compound interest, and that they ought to receive back nearly, if not quite, as much as they have paid.

It should scarcely be necessary to dwell upon the elementary truth that life assurance protection costs money, and is worth what it costs. A man who takes a whole-life policy for £1,000, subject to an annual premium of £25 so long as he lives, may die shortly after being assured and his heirs may receive £1,000 in return for only £25 or £50, or it may be £250, or £500, paid by the policyholder. We sometimes wonder where people suppose that the money comes from to pay such claims as these. If we look at the prospectuses of insurance companies we find a table of premiums for term insurance. These policies provide that if a man of forty pays £10 and dies within one year, the sum of £1,000 is paid to his heirs. If he survives the year the transaction is ended, the company keeps the £10, and pays the policyholder nothing. This is life insurance protection in its simplest form. The protection has a commercial value, and is sold by itself. Term policies are only useful in quite exceptional circumstances, since the ordinary man wants to make certain that the sum assured will be paid at some time or other, either at his death or at the end of a given number of years. This certainty of payment is a fundamental distinction between life assurance and fire and accident insurance. Under the latter policies the insurance company only has to pay if the particular event insured against occurs, and it may, or it may not, happen. Under the great majority of life policies, provided the payment of premiums is kept up, the company is bound to pay the

sum assured at some time or other. It is none the less true that insurance protection is an essential part of every life policy, since it provides the possibility of a very large sum having to be paid by the insurance company, in return for much smaller receipts.

In this connexion two mistakes are frequently made. The first is that of forgetting the cost of insurance protection and ignoring the fact that it has a mathematical and commercial value. The second mistake is frequently made by insurance agents, who recognise the cost of insurance protection but entirely over-state the case. Not infrequently letters to discontented policyholders appear in which it is maintained that under an ordinary life policy they have had insurance protection for, say, twenty years, for the full amount of £1,000; that the cost of this protection was, say, £10 a year, and that £200 should therefore be deducted from the total premiums paid in order to find a fair basis for comparing the surrender value with the payments made by the policyholders. It is sometimes pointed out that on this basis the policyholder has had insurance protection at the lowest cost, and the balance of his money has been returned to him with 6 or 7 per cent. compound interest. This, of course, is absurd. In the case of a man paying £25 a year for a £1,000 policy, ignoring the question of interest, since we are only concerned to illustrate the principle, the man may be said—speaking very roughly—to have had insurance protection for £975 in the first year, £950 in the second year, £750 in the tenth year, £500 in the twentieth year, and so on. We recently checked an agent's statement that the balance of a policyholder's premium, after providing for insurance protection, yielded 7 per cent. compound interest on surrender, and found that the real return, working the calculation accurately, was only 4 per cent., which in itself was a quite excellent result. It is, however, a pity when a perfectly valid argument in favour of life assurance is misused in the way that it is by some agents. We have seen numerous instances of this recently, and these statements appear to be the fashion just at present with some people. The sooner the fashion is changed the better. Life assurance does not need to be bolstered up by erroneous arguments.

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

(BY A MEMBER.)

THAT group of Radical members whose recollection is still awake to the uses made of the Chinese Labour question at the General Election, and whose conscience still requisitions a periodical display of insomnia on the subject, was thrown into an excited condition on Monday last by the discovery that no less a number than 259 coolies had entered the Transvaal in excess of the licensed limit. The question paper was peppered with interrogations concerning the matter, and the music Mr. Churchill was called upon to face was set in a shrieking key. The Under-Secretary thought best on the whole to tell the House the facts and read the correspondence relating thereto that had passed between the Government and Lord Selborne. From this it appeared that the error was due to a slip such as all men (excepting Major Seely) are liable to make, a matter of clerks and counterfoils, holidays and indifferent arithmetic. The direful and indubitable result, however, was that 259 more Chinese had landed in South Africa than even a Tory Government had ever sanctioned, or than which a Radical administration could possibly admit.

The High Commissioner pointed out on the other hand that, although 63,045 licences had in all been issued and these 259 were in excess of this number, as a fact there are only 55,018 coolies in the Transvaal, owing to depletion by death and repatriation. This argument does not weigh with Messrs. Byles, Mackarness & Co. in whose political estimation one Chinaman is necessarily much worse than another; but the dispatch also gave expression to the fear that any attempt whatsoever on the part of the Government to induce these 259 slaves to accept their liberty would inevitably result in a riot; freedom, it would appear, being regarded by these men with such extreme

disfavour that they cannot be persuaded to accept of it, except under high monetary compensation. Altogether, Lord Selborne informed the Government no less a sum than £12,000 would be required to repair the damage done by the slip of a clerky quill, and he went on slyly to add that this amount of money would amply suffice to educate more than 800 children, whose scholastic thirst, he indicated, would go unslaked were the money spent elsewhere.

Such is the situation, and the Government, allowing the impoverished exchequer of the Transvaal and the empty heads of school children to weigh with them, for once, more than the fear of their followers, refrained from putting forth the giant's strength of its gigantic majority in order to force 259 men into freedom.

The interest of all parties in the House and in the country was set to a high pitch of expectancy on Tuesday. The Irish proposals of the Government were regarded as likely to make or shake the immediate future of the Liberal party beyond any measure of the Session, or perhaps of the Parliament; yet at the close of the speech there was not one among Mr. Birrell's audience who did not feel he had been humbugged. The Irish Secretary is rapidly losing all similarity to the Education Minister of last year; the jaunty wit that he brought to his earlier post is absent in his new position, the cares and exigencies of which have merged the jovial Rattle of the past into the likeness of a later-day jingle.

Doubtless no Minister of capacity likes to feel that he has fathered a measure on whose birth awaits disappointment, and whose life has no security of tenure: the melancholy consolation offered him by Mr. Balfour that its failure might indeed lead up to Home Rule owing to the disgust and despair of the predominant partner was sufficient compensation, when Mr. Birrell remembered that he had promised himself and others a similar result from the opposite of causes.

That the Irish Council Bill tends towards the "larger measure" is certainly true, and it is a truth to which Unionists will not allow themselves to be blinded by its facial innocence. Radical members and the Radical press endeavoured to make much capital of the remark of Mr. Balfour to the effect that he was unable to see how the Bill contained within its scope sufficient legitimacy to satisfy the Nationalist members: nor does it, but it is precisely from that foreseen failure that the further demand must arise; a demand redoubled in force from the whetted appetite of the Nationalists, and the added impatience of the British electorate. The Bill is put forward as a forlorn hope, the object of which, as in all warfare, is not merely a display of silly self-sacrifice, but a hazard adventure to gain time, harass the defenders, and screen the real attack.

But, whatever the outcome of this characteristic depreciation of a straightforward intention may be, the immediate effect is made clear by the speeches of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Campbell and others. The leader of the Opposition, speaking with the singular authority of a successful career in Ireland behind him, and making use of the President of the Local Government Board as an unwilling object-lesson, wished to know how that gentleman's efficiency and authority would be increased were he to cease to be a nominee of the Government, and become instead pot-bearer to the Poplar Board of Guardians. Mr. Burns, thankful that his prescience had led him to the safe seclusion of a back seat, and thinking probably even that obscurity to be preferable to a post under the Irish Council, found neither the wish nor the words to answer this question, so Mr. Balfour passed on in his essay to prove that the proposals did nothing to benefit any individual in Ireland while adding an additional £650,000 to the burdens of the British taxpayer.

Mr. Campbell, in an excellent speech, but listened to with impatience by those whom the truth makes restive, delivered to the House some of the dour facts on the religious aspect of the question culled from an intimate knowledge of the intrigues and influences at work during a County Council election. The English Nonconformist members found a strange joy in following the lead given them by the sotto-voce repudiations of Mr. T. W. Russell.

These gentlemen appear to regard the position of their fellow-religionists in Ireland from an entirely detached standpoint, and lend by their attitude much colour to the belief which is held, that in their view cleanliness comes third and godliness only second in the category of human endeavour. It is at the least remarkable that they should be unwilling in England to subject themselves or their children to the possible influences of a majority of co-Protestants, and yet acquiesce with readiness in a proposition that will place a Nonconformist (but Unionist) minority in Ireland under the sway of a Roman Catholic bureaucracy. In the one case the lip of Nonconformity assumes a perpendicular stiffening, but in the latter it broadens out to a notable degree of horizontal hilarity.

Mr. Redmond professed a necessity to examine the scheme before pronouncing judgment, but as members were well aware that he was already fully conversant with its detail, and only expected from him the speech that he had delivered before, and did indeed deliver again, they hurried to the House of Lords to hear Lord Rosebery ridicule the Radical Government.

THE IRISH PROBLEM.

[By the Author of "Economics for Irishmen."]

I.—HOW I STUDIED IT.

THE national mind and will do not belong to the nation, but rather to a few privileged persons and groups, who thereby control the energy of the people to live on it, which makes progress impracticable, not merely in government, but also in life. That is my definition of the problem, but I defer the demonstration to tell first how intimately I have been forced into acquaintance with the data.

Up to now, Irish interests have found expression only in party arguments, cancelled by one another on equally bad evidence, with political pleading a kind of profession, and with the people as the clients on both sides of a cause that ends only when they have lost the last of their money. I present no plea, but I assert a judgment, and submit the facts on which I found it.

Six years ago I had two unexpected dignities inflicted on me, the ownership of our farm in Mayo, and with it the headship of our tribe, which required me to plough, to know agricultural chemistry, to sympathise with turnips, to understand pigs, and to be a village wirepuller, all on a training as a London journalist, chiefly in theatrical criticism. I lived at Brighton, among classical concerts, church parades and lawn-tennis, when the news reached me that we had "lost the land", which meant destitution for my crowd of affectionate incapables; and though I could liquidate the liabilities to regain possession, that was all I could do. Smart essays on the drama in the West End could hardly appeal to agricultural capital in Connacht; and as to farm work, the crowd were even more useless than myself, for I was ignorant enough to learn, and they too full of the dead knowledge that kills intelligence. It was well I had no more money then, for I see now that they must have lost it for me as they had lost their own.

Farther to complicate the position, they had a small war among themselves, neither side acknowledging the headship of the other, though both would acknowledge mine, on the assumption that I was a wealthy man, who "got his money aisy, sittin' down all day wid little bits o' paper"; and who, therefore, might provide luxuriously for an indefinite number of definitely unproductive persons without bothering them about work. Work was not "respectable", and I was; therefore, I could not expect people to work. I belonged to the "educated" classes, who always looked down on the workers, and what was "education" for but to evade work? As became an "educated" man, I was ignorant of the soil and its uses; therefore bound to keep clear of work as a necessity. A man might defy a convention or overcome a necessity, but who could face a combination of both? Clearly, I was expected to elevate the social status of the tribe to the level of complete uselessness, as the minimum essential to my respectability—and I a political economist. If I told them I was penniless,

I could not be their bond of peace, besides damaging my credit, my authority, and their means to live.

On the other hand, there were things to the credit of the tribe. I knew from the old people that not one dependent on them had been allowed to perish in the famine times, in one of the poorest regions, and that some of my direct ancestors had permanently impoverished themselves to save the lives of their neighbours. In essentials, and in spite of strife, the race ought to be still the same; what if I could discover something of that fine old altruism in them? My Spencerian cult seemed to say to me, "Let each individual of your tribe work out his own destiny", even where there was no apparent destiny to work out; but De Quincey called to me with the dead grandfathers, "Trust any faculty you have rather than the understanding", which meant putting sentiment before reason; and I knew there was not one in the tribe who would not risk his life for me if required. How could I desert them? And again, how could I take a course so likely to make my life as useless as theirs? The possibility of an economic and sociological experiment was fascinating, and fit pursuit for greater lives than mine; but I was obviously ill-fitted for it; and then, what of the sunny days and the perfumed evenings at Brighton, to be given up for loads of soil on my boots, and of water in my clothes, among turnips, potatoes and November rainstorms? I might resume the life of the tribe to lift them up, but they might pull me down instead, and I was only one among many of them. I might go away, and send them money, but they could hardly use it less ruinously than they had used their own. I might give them up altogether, and return to my own world, but that would seem unnatural, with no better prospect than the workhouse for half of them. I might stay there, earn money from elsewhere, and capitalise them; but capitalising the incapable did not seem "economic". Only one thing was clear, and that was negative—I could not take them out of their world into mine, for I had no Promised Land to suit them, and could not tell what golden calves they might develop on the way to the unknowable. Besides, I did not like to alarm my neighbours in Brighton.

Still confused by the indecision of these complex uncertainties, I paid the debts, took possession of the farm, and gave myself up to a period of Celtic drifting and observant indolence, obeying circumstances instead of creating them. The land was good for the money in any case, and I wanted the interior data that time might give to see the lines of least resistance, meantime feeding the tribe from the "little bits o' paper". Then I saw some strange things, though they are commonplaces to me now. My neighbours spent twenty-two days to do two days' work. They had beasts worth £6 10s. at two and a half years old, and I ascertained that, with no more than a little thought in breeding and feeding, they could have them worth £12 to £14 in two years. They dealt with poultry and the rest of their live assets in similar fashion, and they fed their horses in idleness while doing horse-work with spade, keeping idle also the money that would buy the few implements by which the horses could do the work. They paid large sums in freight alone for "manures" that might as well be stones, and they had not the smallest notion, even empirically, of the chemical process in the fertility of the soil. They raised the best bacon in the world to sell at 3½d., and imported far inferior stuff to eat at 7d. They had a Department of Agriculture and technical instruction to teach them, at great cost, but its vice-president had written about religion in a book, and they looked with suspicious contempt at any application of science to industry. For about four months of the year they did no work, but ate up the margin that might extend their footing next year; and I noticed that they emigrated most when the idle season was over and the spring work about to begin, as if determined to ruin to the last farthing the land they loved so dearly, and for which they were all so eager to die. With intelligence so ignorant, and with energy so ill-directed, values were naturally low, especially the value of human life, and I found I could employ a youth fit for general farm work at £9 a year and his board. What if working power,

so abundant and made so cheap by its own inefficiency, could be made efficient? The possibilities of an economic experiment were becoming less completely negative; but how could I get the initial capital, even assuming that I buried myself in the bog as a vicarious atonement for the sins of the fathers?

More waiting for what would not turn up, and then I went to my banker, assuming in my innocence that the farm would be good for an overdraft, if only a fourth of its value; but he asked me, "How can you expect a bank to lend on a security that could not be realised?" The farm was there, I explained, and he could sell it if I failed to meet the liability; but he smiled, looked me over, and added—"It rests with the United Irish League to say whether a farm can be sold or not. Why not join the League, or start a branch of your own for a buffer against the other branches, as the graziers and land-grabbers do?" He showed me how wide and how perfect was the dominion of the League in keeping capital away from the land, and he seemed to accept its power as its justification; but he could not see the absurdity of an economic pioneer joining a society to propagate destitution. I came home, wondering greatly at the "national organisation" that "saved the people" by destroying the industry on which they depended.

The League had made it impossible for me to get capital on such terms as would be accepted anywhere else in civilisation, and the hindrance applied to the whole country, because any farm, at any time, might be put outside the pale of the banker, not to mention the higher rates of interest always necessitated by the political risks. My case was the case of the nation. The League having made it impossible for me to get capital, what if I should make capital at the expense of the League, by writing about it? The suggestion was a desperate one. It would mean war, and I only one against a million; but there would be no dishonour in defeat, and the value of triumph might be incalculable, in manuscripts as well as in turnips.

I went to work, and now the farm is four times as productive as it was, on no more labour, with a pound for good farming in place of a shilling for good agitating. It secures my savings, it demonstrates my doctrines, it is my sanctuary when I am hunted, and it excites the "Freeman's Journal" in leading articles to deny the existence of the farm itself, while admitting the existence of the turnips grown on it. If I succeed, Land-Acting and the "Freeman" stand for economic lunacy; but I have already succeeded, and so it becomes necessary to deny the existence of a piece of the earth, lest it should discredit the "National Policy" of "saving the people" by destroying their means to live. Peasants may starve or emigrate, but "great men" must not be found out. I have repeatedly objected to becoming a "great man" myself, preferring to tell the truth, and to take his bread from no man; but that is not enough. Penniless, unknown, ignorant of the work, and desiring to "lead" nobody, I am guilty of having shown how Irishmen may live well in Ireland, for which I am never to be forgiven. Lord Dudley and his Commission "hope to visit the farm" this summer, but the press must not report the visit, lest the existence of "my patch" should be established—that is our "national press" in Ireland. What must be the life and character represented by it? In the next article I describe some of the methods that have been employed to save the people of Ireland from the grave national danger of having a successful farm among them. PAT.

A REVIVAL OF "PRUNELLA".

"PRUNELLA" does not wither. It is as delicately fresh a thing as ever. In spite of its fragility, it is one of the most "important" of modern English plays; for it is the most spontaneously poetic. It owes nothing to the tradition of poetic drama. It is a perfectly natural product of the time we live in. It comes not of a laudable determination to handle grand passions in the grand manner, but of an impulse to express something that was in the hearts of the authors—a wistful and melancholy little something, belonging to a

time in which people, for all their outward strenuousness, are so frail, and so sick at heart. The something that the authors had to express was rather an emotion than an idea. There is nothing modern in the idea that youth wanes, and passion fades, and pleasure palls, and after the spring comes the autumn. What is modern is the sense that after all it doesn't much matter, alas, and can't, alas, be taken quite seriously. That is the sense which pervades "Prunella". We feel that in the character of Pierrot the authors have dramatised themselves, and us. Often as Pierrot has been presented on the stage, never, I think, has his nature been shown so thoroughly. However, it is not for its significance that "Prunella" is most highly to be valued, but rather for the mere story of it. The play is a succession of deliciously well invented scenes; and I know not which of these is the best. Prunella repeating her lessons in the prim garden, and hearing the distant sounds of the mimmers' music; the coloured ribands thrown into the garden over the yew hedge, and the flight of Prunella's aunts into the house; and Prunella's own flight into the house after Pierrot has kissed her; Pierrot lounging in the moonlight while the baritone of his troupe sings the serenade for him to Prunella's window, and then taking the guitar and striking a right attitude before the shutters shall be parted; smug Scaramel holding the ladder down which Prunella is carried in Pierrot's arms; Prunella's bewilderment while the troupe of Pierrot dances round her, pelting her with roses and urging her out to life; and the terminal statue that utters words to her and makes music with its stone fiddle; and the old gardeners, roused from their sleep, coming to find the garden empty and the statue still fiddling; later, when it is autumn, Pierrot wandering into the garden, not remembering it—Pierrot all in black, with his followers all querulous, dishevelled, lame, but still trying to affect mirth; Pierrot recognising the window, and then remembering Prunella, and calling for moonlight and song, and bidding Scaramel prop up the ladder—all in vain; the home-coming of Prunella, and her meeting with Pierrot, and the way in which . . . no; the way in which Pierrot is converted from himself, and the play ends, seems to me the one fault in the play's scheme. It is a pretty notion that Pierrot should really love Prunella, and should prove his love by daring to touch her after she has told him that she is a phantom, and that if he touches her he too will die. But it is not a notion in key with the rest of the play. It is a dodge for securing a happy ending at the expense of truth to Pierrot's character. Either Prunella ought to be actually a phantom, and Pierrot to consent to touch her simply because he has lost even the melancholy joy that he once had in life, and because he is rather inquisitive of death; or Prunella ought to die in Pierrot's arms, and he to take a certain pleasure in the completeness of the romance, and in the arrangements for a prettily sombre funeral. There is for "Prunella" no possibility of a happy ending that shall be logical and congruous. The ending made by Mr. Laurence Housman and Mr. Granville Barker is not really a happy one; for we are sure that Pierrot, in his heart, was rather disappointed when, after touching Prunella, he found himself alive with a living girl in his arms. However, the play is in itself too exquisite a thing to be utterly marred for us by a wrong conclusion.

It is also too exquisite a thing to be utterly marred by faults of production. Nevertheless, the faults are annoying. The play is a fantasy, and, as such, should have a fantastic setting. The façade of the house in which Prunella lives is much too realistic. We ought not to be reminded of an actual little Georgian house of red brick. We ought to be given a symbol, a conventionalised synthesis, of all such houses. The cypress trees beyond the hedge ought to represent not actual, but ideal, cypresses. The hedge itself at the Court Theatre is less open to objection, because it is evidently a symbol for a hedge; but is not a beautiful or ingenious symbol. It is a pity that Mr. Gordon Craig is not in England. He could have designed a setting lovely in itself and exactly in accord to the play's spirit. Mr. Charles Ricketts would also have laid us under obligations—for I suppose he would have stifled his first impulse to erect a tent over the Dutch garden. In default of him, why did not

Mr. Housman himself design the scene? He has every qualification. And what a chance for his fancy to run riot in designing the costumes for Pierrot's revellers! The actual costumes, though bright in colour, are lamentably dull in conception. And the ballet which the revellers dance around Prunella at the play's crisis—a ballet that ought to have been weirdly delirious, after the fashion of the Brocken—is composed of the tritest and tamest figures imaginable. As a producer of realistic modern plays Mr. Granville Barker has no peer. But (if, as I suppose, he supervised the production of "Prunella") he is embarrassed by plays of fantasy (even when it is partly from his own brain that the fantasy has forth-come). Not as an actor is he thus embarrassed. His impersonation of Pierrot was flawlessly good, and our memory of it makes doubly hard the task of Mr. Graham Browne, who plays Pierrot in this revival. Evidently Mr. Graham Browne knows just how the part ought to be played; and he is helped, to a certain extent, by that quality of romanticism which often peeps out from his impersonations of quite prosaic parts. A romantic Pierrot is more than could be achieved by most of our younger actors. But a fantastic Pierrot is more than can be achieved by Mr. Graham Browne. He pirouettes and poses, but conscientiously. We feel all the time that Pierrot is a sterling person who for some reason—some reason which is, we are sure, a good one—has chosen to assume, for a while, an eccentric demeanour. In the last scene of the play—just when, as I have indicated, Pierrot ceases to be Pierrot—Mr. Graham Browne leaves nothing to be desired. At all other times his sentiment is much too full-blooded, much too sincere. As Scaramel, Mr. James Hearn masters the failing that so often mars his performances: he manages not to over-act; and thus the very real fantasy of his conception of the part is most valuable to the general effect of the play. Prunella herself is played by Miss Dorothy Minto, who, among British ingénues, has no rival in the art of turning everything to favour and to prettiness. Some of our elder actresses would have got more than Miss Minto gets out of the pathetic scenes in the last act. But it is essential that Prunella should be in her 'teens. And Miss Minto's attempt at suggesting a broken heart is not such a poor attempt as to make us ungrateful for her perfection in the earlier scenes, where she is the child expectant and puzzled and happy.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

WHATEVER the Royal Academy is, it cannot be called academic. We should respect it more, if it were. If it maintained a standard of severe and scrupulous discipline in draughtsmanship, if its aim were to foster and develop artists like Alfred Stevens or Alphonse Legros, we could understand a devotion to inherited tradition which might lean to coldness and formality and be jealous of new movements, but which would have its own value. There is a value in continuity; but not the least function of all such institutions as embody firm traditions is to provoke reaction in individuals. The instinct in human nature which produces works of art requires a certain resistance to incite it to its best effect. The greatest works have owed something to the stimulus of difficult or strict conditions. And academic authority plays, in a milder way, something of the same part in periods when the creative effort is not centralised and dominant, as it only has been in the one or two brief flowering-times of the world. But our Academy upholds no cause and no tradition, either to react from or to follow. It is impossible not to feel that it will admit any outside element of whatever kind that is likely to prove popular. An atmosphere of concession prevails. The mere mention of such a quality as austerity (surely an academic virtue) seems ridiculous in these galleries. There are those who think that if the Academy opened its arms to all the latest phases of French art, if it were really up-to-date, it would be saved. But that is not what an academy exists for; it is not its part to be up-to-date. With our Academy it

would seem that to march discreetly a little, but not too far, behind the times, is almost the only recognised and positive ambition discoverable in its ways and works.

A change has certainly come over its exhibitions. It is as rare now as it once was common to find pictures of the type represented this year by a canvas in Room XI., where a huntsman's hat has been blown off among a flock of sheep. But if the change may be said to be in an artistic direction, it is not, on the whole, exhilarating. There is so much that rises to a certain level of accomplishment and never goes beyond; so much that is tame, so much that is complacent in its nullity.

Several visits have confirmed a first impression that Mr. Clausen's "Building the Rick" is the most interesting picture in the galleries. There is, of course, Mr. Sargent's "Lady Sassoon", admittedly one of his finest portraits. The "slick" texture of the paint, and the want of quality in the rose-colour setting off the black dress, prevent me from enjoying as much as I should like the vividness and power of a portrait to which the charm of the sitter contributes much. Mr. Sargent is a master, in a sense which no other painter at the Academy can claim. But in his mastery there is a certain element that seems like contempt. Mr. Clausen's picture, on the other hand, interests and engages because it is one of the very few works here in which the artist seems really to have lost and merged himself in his subject; it is all felt, not done from outside. He has set himself a task of extraordinary difficulty, painting the rick and the labourers building it partly in the noonday blaze of August, partly in the luminous shadow of horse-chestnut trees; and rejecting the old device of a shaded foreground, he has filled the nearest part of the picture with brilliant light which strikes reflections up on the golden rick and the green stems of the trees, and quivers among the violet shadows. He has wished to give the hot glow of light and at the same time to keep the significant silhouette of the men at work; possibly attempting too much; but we feel that the glory of the sunshine and the beauty of its reflections have been deeply felt, that the painter's joy in this has been much more to him than the solving of a problem, and the human interest is absolutely genuine and unforced. Such a picture makes one all the more conscious of the lamentable poverty in anything like thought or emotion of the rest of the exhibition. Next to this, in violent discord, hangs Mr. Craig's large picture, called "The Maid". As an illustration in a magazine, one might pass it by as clever work; enlarged to heroic size, it arrests by its very ineffectiveness. These horsemen with their huge crimson lances give no more sense of motion in their onset than their faces and expressions give of what they are presumed to be—the chivalry of France, led by Jeanne d'Arc! They are stage supers, nothing more. As I wrote last week, it is in imaginative and heroic compositions that failure is most signal. It is in this kind of work that an academy ought to set a high standard; yet the kind of painting it likes and honours is painting like this, where there is an entire absence of the transforming element without which a work of imagination cannot live. To suppress, to emphasise, to remould, to distort even, this is the instinct of imagination; and the artist who has that instinct will make his figures live in an atmosphere of their own, with more than the intensity of life. The painters exhibiting at Burlington House paint figures, which belong to poetry and myth, either in the stark atmosphere of the London studio, or else in an atmosphere borrowed second-hand or third-hand from Watts (No. 523 and No. 758) or Burne-Jones (No. 511) or Leighton (No. 438). There are a few exceptions, such as Mrs. Swynnerton's "Oreads", which has individuality and a certain power, with candidly hideous colour, and Sir William Richmond's "Demeter at Eleusis", which has learnt something from the method of Edward Calvert and his golden dreams. Mr. Waterhouse halts politely between dream and reality. There is far more interest in the large canvas by Mr. Sims (No. 405). It is called "An Island Festival", and shows us groups of figures by the sea, the nude or scarcely draped folk of a primitive community following a laden waggon to a

temple, under a windy blue sky. It is all rather incoherent, and the effort not to be academic and over-arranged is more manifest than success in finding a natural rhythm into which the figures should fall; but some of the groups and single figures are admirable, there is air and space in the design, and Mr. Sims has an unlabourious touch. It is a work more of promise than performance, perhaps, but it has a saving element of style, for which we are truly grateful. Crowds hang round Mr. Cadogan Cowper's picture of the disguised Devil singing of love to nuns in a refectory glowing with stained glass (No. 280), a canvas that shows quite remarkable skill and accomplishment, but is unfortunately conceived on a level of commonplace which robs it of serious interest. The staple of the Academy, as of modern painting in general, is portraiture and landscape. In both provinces what one must complain of is the prevalent lack of vivacity and distinction. There are a number of meritorious works, but how few which provoke a more animated epithet. If the landscape painters were forbidden to paint except from memory, I believe their works would be a hundred times more interesting. As it is, they seem to have laboured so long at representing Nature as they sat down before her, that any original shock of emotion they may have experienced has been dulled to nothing. Mr. East, one cannot help feeling, could, if he concentrated his powers more, give us something more impressive, with more depth and richness, than any of his six canvases here exhibited, able as they are. Mr. Clausen's "Sunset" and "Little Brook", and Mr. Sant's unobtrusive "Pastures New" show a hint of feeling which is all too rare in the landscapes of these galleries.

In the vein of genre, Mr. Bunny's "Retour du Jardin" (No. 373), badly hung, should not be missed. Mr. Henry disappoints with his slightness and emptiness; his pictures lack the intimacy of mood which is more necessary to his chosen subjects than the grace and dexterity he gives. Mr. Russell's interior, or "conversation", I mentioned last week; it has a real felicity.

The sculpture is not an exhilarating section, and the successes are to be found in small works like Mr. Furse's head of Mrs. Newbolt, Miss Bruce's statuette of Mr. Granville Barker, General Baden-Powell's vigorous and animated "John Smith", and a stooping runner by Mr. Tait Mackenzie, rather than in the larger and more ambitious groups and figures. Too much space is given to the water-colours, and too little to the black-and-white, where a chalk drawing by Mrs. Darwin is noticeable for its style, and where Mr. Strang's portrait drawings, and particularly his fine dry-point head of Mr. Frampton, stand out with force and distinction.

LAURENCE BINYON.

AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

A HARSH restless wind, blowing half a gale between north and west, a blustering cold which pinches all vegetation and disheartens the beasts and, by some hold which it has on man's humours, beyond the mere material worrying and snatching, frets the temper almost to the breaking-point, is not one of the kindest conditions in which to observe the graces of an English spring, already a fortnight late by the almanack. The dust smokes along the highway in an endless procession; the fields are almost as bare as in January; beasts and birds lie up silently in shelter. But there are compensations even in days of such a wind as numbs the fingers and sets the soul on edge, if a man knows where to find them. The field-paths are comparatively "good travelling", the foundered footmarks of a week ago are set in a rocky print of hobnails and horseshoes; in the meadows the dry worm-casts rattle beneath one's boots, where but lately a rush-tuft in the swamp was an isle of refuge. The dead leaves are swept out of the grass and trundle edgeways in flocks before the gale; the plovers that rise from the fallow are blown away and fetch up in long curves against the blast; but it is almost worth the struggle across the bare fields to get

into the lull and the softer air of a thick-standing wood. For all the noise in the tree-tops, it is still enough and warm enough for loitering in the underwood; and if some clearing through the higher slopes of the wood give an outlook over the open country, it is practicable to sit on a faggot or a stump and observe sufficiently at one's ease the landscape on a rude morning of the backward spring. The clouds drive fast through the cold blue, and the travelling gleams of sun and quick-glooming shadows make a constant counterchange of light and dark and colour among the low hillsides and wooded ridges. One moment a tall hedge of budded palm gleams in pale yellow bloom against the darkness of a shadowed copse; the next it stands a grey and brown tracery upon the keen illumination of the distance, the detail of steep clearings, carpeted with dead leaves, and silver-green stems and branches of the mossed and lichened wood, revealed by the searching ray. All the colour in the scene is light and pale, with a dusty, almost a chalky quality in it, an effect something like that of body-white mixed with water-colour tints. The buds on the shallows, the hazel catkins, the withered grass of the meadows, the dry furrows of the plough, most of all the primroses which cover the southern brows and gills, give the note of the flat opaque colour-scheme of the hour. The differences in quality of illumination between a scale of massive depth of tone and one of garish thinness—apparently connected to some extent with the quarter the wind sits in, but not altogether to be accounted for by the presence of vapour or artificial haze in the air—might repay a more careful observation than they have hitherto received.

A man who takes his pleasure in looking at the broader aspects of landscape, as some men look at pictures, or horses, or shop-windows, will not grudge half an hour's contemplation in the shelter of the belt of oaks that crowns the hill. It is not every sort of English country which will stand so much scrutiny. To say nothing of the devastation of "industrial" neighbourhoods, there is but too large a piece of the midland plain where man by his works, his hedges and lines of cropped elms, his chess-board squares of cultivation has succeeded in making the prospect as depressingly uninteresting as anything can be that consists mainly of grass and trees. Here in this corner of a southern county, all ups and downs, mixed of chalk and sand and clay, pasture and plough, wood and ragged heath, there is no monotony, no sign of man's too masterful hand. And yet the longer one looks at the scene, the more clearly is it evident that almost every feature in it, beyond the general configuration of surface, the ground-plan of ridge and hollow, is due to human interference. The bare down at the horizon, with its darker patches of beech wood on its grey-green slopes, shows the balance between the demands of timber and sheep-pasture: the nearer chequerwork of plantations and hedged fields, ploughland and common is the outcome of a thousand years of precedent and custom in agriculture and in law. The woods have their form from a traditional cycle of fellings and clearings: it is perhaps not too much to say that there is not a sizeable tree in the prospect which has not in its time been considered by the woodreeve or the steward, and has worn the ring of red paint to save it from the general proscription. The ploughed fields, with their new-turned furrows shining from the share, or dusty from the roller; the meadows, each with its immemorial name and character, are the result of centuries of labour which neither hurried nor took holiday. The few points in the picture where the light strikes on water are but disused marl-holes and sand-pits; the elbow of the little brook which glints between the alders owes half its width to the draining of the fields. In all the rich civility of the landscape, its intricate beauty and containing unity, the hands of men have had the larger share: the result is in absolute harmony with Nature's working, with clouds and winds and living sounds and the way the light glances or dwells. The method used so long may by this time be too far from the tastes and gifts of the rising race; we have lost almost all sense of the plan of seconding Nature, instead of overbearing her, "taming" and "harnessing" her forces, as we say. We are irreconcilable; our works will not take

Time's polish, or suffer his chastening erasures. From the station in the wood the observer sees one white crook of the high road which leads towards the little village on the ridge; one curve, as he sees but one curve of the brook out of all the meanders which wind down the valley. If he shifts his ground a few paces, he brings into view the raw gash of the bank and cutting where the railway takes its forthright way. The straightening-out of those easy approaches may be inevitable in our present beggary in point of time; but that iron-ruled line in the distance will not harmonise in a thousand years with the masses of leafage or the perspective of clouds. It is strange to note how minute a touch of the irreconcilable element suffices to put a whole landscape out of tune: a glimpse of corrugated-iron fencing, the monotony of telegraph-poles, the various unlovely uses of wire, show at once the diametric difference between two modes of handling the subject earth.

If the observer have a fair knowledge of English counties and an instinct for comparison, he will probably conclude that the scene before him is of a distinct and far from common genre. It is not everywhere that the effects of hedged fields and ordered woods fall into such kindly agreement with the larger graces; there will come to mind the monotony of hedgerow-parallels in Mercian levels; the mounded gorse-topped banks in Cornish cliff-top fields, gull-haunted and forlorn; the intakes which climb the sides of northern fells and degrade the boldest mountains with their Chinese-puzzle reticulation of stone walls. It may not be easy to define the differences which in one case make the signs of man's occupation a dreary disfigurement; in another the fated completion of the beauty of the champaign. But some elements of the happier result may at least be noted: the scene must have far horizons and broad prospects of hill and valley; it must be well wooded, and must be cultivated in individual and elementary ways which have nothing to do with scientific or "high" farming on the great scale. There is not any very large proportion of English ground which answers these conditions, and what we still have might easily lose all its character by the adoption of certain changes in tenure and cultivation; something it has already lost by changes in temper and ideals. The work of the fields at its busiest and most thriving hour was carried on with a surprisingly small amount of disturbance or of apparent energy.

Even now the observer might be at his post here in the wood for many days without hearing the slightest sound, and perhaps without seeing any motion of the great business which has shaped the whole countryside, and for all to-day's decline still keeps its charm almost entire. The plough-horses may move to and fro across a field in the middle distance, slow as the hands of a clock; the figure of a woodman may be spied far off, hardly distinguishable among the clearing. To-morrow the ploughman and the woodman have gone; the thousand furrows are laid faultlessly across the field, the underwood is cleared and faggoted, and the absolute repose of the landscape returns. Before the introduction of certain sorts of machinery a man might sit on a hillside in July, with the work in ten thousand hayfields all round him, and hear no sound upon the air but the crinkling of the grasshoppers in the warm grass beside him. Now, when the valley resounds with the rattle of a score of machines, all the magic has vanished. We hardly seem to understand yet that all mere noise implies wasted or destructive force. Nature's beneficent energies are as silent as the sunrise or as musical as a spring wind. So far, it is only in hay-time and harvest that the hurrying engines rout the old peace of the valley. For the rest the traditional ways are kept, and the face of the land retains its peculiar character, its curiously fortunate concord of art and Nature, its richness drawn from the continuous expense of many lives under kindly conditions of soil and air—surely in its entirety one of the most notable pieces of man's handiwork which the world has seen.

BEDE, THE BLIND PREACHER.

(From the Russian of POLONSKY.)

UPON a lonely road at shut of day
 Bede, the blind preacher, leaning on a lad
 To stay his steps, barefoot (what clothes he had
 Fluttering loose in the breeze) took his rough way.

More grisly grew the inhuman wild, and blank :
 Nothing but here a pine-trunk, ages old,
 There a gray boulder jutting from the mould,
 Bearded with shaggy moss and lichens dank.

The lad was tired. Perhaps a bush in reach
 Showed tempting berries ; or, for the mere jest,
 He'd fool the blind—he said "I'll go to rest,
 And now's your time if you've a mind to preach.

"Shepherds have seen us from the high hillside ;
 Women are here expecting, children hem
 The path, gray elders—speak of God to them,
 And of His Son for our sins crucified."

A sudden glamour lit the age-worn face.
 As springs rock-bound upbursting crack their shell,
 So from his wan lips broke the living well
 Of inspiration, like a torrent race.

He spoke as faith can speak. The blind man seemed
 To read the Apocalypse behind the skies :
 Heavenward his frail hand beckoned prophet-wise ;
 Tears in his disilluminated sockets gleamed.

Look ! now the pale moon drops behind the hill ;
 The red gold in the East begins to kindle ;
 Night vapours deep in valley bottoms dwindle. . . .
 But when the Saint in rapture, preaching still,
 Felt his arm nudged, and heard the laughing boy's
 "Enough ! There's no one left—let's on again",
 And ceased, bowing his head in silence,—then
 All round with vast and congregated noise
 The stones of the wilderness returned "Amen".

J. S. PHILLIMORE.

CHESS.

AT the forthcoming tournament at Ostend, Janowski, one of the most brilliant original players of this generation, is expected to do great things, and his admirers prophesy a welcome return to his best form.

The following game, the re-played draw at Paris in 1900, stands as a typical specimen of his powers. Patience and position judgment of a high order mark his course all through ; nothing is hurried or premature, but each move fits itself into the scheme in its proper sequence. It may be mentioned that the late Mr. Mason, whose calm subtle style did not tally with Janowski's more fiery temperament, had the faculty of almost invariably worsting the Polish master, so that, apart from tactics, considerable will-power was essential to score this victory.

TWO KNIGHTS DEFENCE.

White	Black	White	Black
Jas. Mason	D. Janowski	Jas. Mason	D. Janowski
1. P-K4	P-K4	4. P-Q3	B-B4
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	5. Kt-B3	P-Q3
3. B-B4	Kt-B3	6. B-K3	B-K13

The game has now transposed itself into a tame variation of the Giuoco Piano, an opening specially favoured by Mason. Both men have to execute some rather wearisome manoeuvres for position, and quietly angle for weak spots before anything definite can be decided on—

7. Q-Q2	B-Kt5	12. Kt-B2	P-B3
8. Kt-KKt5	B-KR4	13. QKt-Q1	P-Q4
9. P-B3	P-KR3	14. B-Kt3	Q-Kt3
10. Kt-K3	Kt-Q5	15. P x P	Kt x P
11. B x Kt	B x B	16. B x Kt	P x B

Black almost forced this last exchange on his opponent, and now is happy. Those mysterious per-

sonages known as "the authorities" generally concur as to the superiority of two bishops against two knights. There are, of course, exceptional cases, but the point is emphasised in a striking manner in the present game.

17. P-B3	B-B4	19. R-K1	KR-K1
18. Castles	Castles, KR	20. P-QKt4	B-B1

This retrograde movement, leaving the queen ample room, must not be confused with weakness. On the contrary it is very tactful and well considered. Later on the bishops completely dominate the board in the manner of artillery.

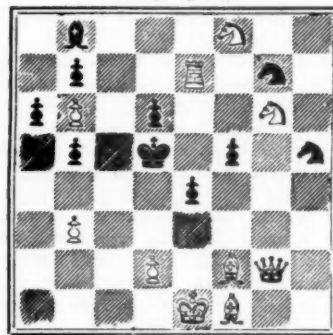
21. Kt-K3	QR-Q1	30. Q-K2	B-Q3!
22. P-QR3	B-Kt3	31. Kt-Q2	B-K3
23. Q-R2	Q-QB3	32. K-R1	B-QB1
24. QR-B1	P-B4	33. R-KKt1	P-R4!
25. P-QB4	P-Q5	34. P-QR4	B-Kt2!
26. Kt-B1	B-B2	35. Kt-Kt3	Q-Kt4
27. Q-B2	P-QR4	36. R-R2	Q-R5
28. P-Kt5	Q-KKt3	37. Kt-R3	Q-B3
29. R-R1	P-Kt3	38. R-KB1	P-Kt4

All things are now ready, and black with every confidence charges with fixed bayonets. The preliminary finessing moves with the queen were in good style, and white finds his knights useless for home defence. Accordingly he forces his pawns through on the further wing, and by this skilful diversion endeavours to draw off the fire from his stronghold. In the end he finds himself hampered by his own barricades, and the concluding strokes commencing with P-Kt6 ch fittingly give the coup de grâce.

39. Q-Q2	B-K2	47. P-R6	P-K5!
40. QR-R1	K-Kt2	48. BP x KP	P x P
41. QR-B1	P-Kt5	49. P-Kt6	P-K6
42. Kt-Kt1	B-Q3	50. Q-Kt2	Q-Kt4
43. P-B5	P x QBP	51. P-R7	B x KRP!
44. Kt x KP	B-Q4	52. K x B	Black mates in 4 moves.
45. Kt-B4	B-QKt1		
46. P-R5	Q-KKt3!		

PROBLEM 114. By V. MARIN (Spain).

Black, 10 pieces.



White, 10 pieces.

White mates in three moves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION'S NEW RULE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Harcourt Road, Sheffield,
7 May, 1907.

SIR,—The Board of Education has at last permitted the extinction of the pupil teacher. By encouraging future elementary teachers to spend five or six years in good secondary schools the Board will secure a very real advance in their intellectual attainments; the isolation of the elementary teaching world will be ended, and the unity of the profession brought within sight. Indeed, a letter in this month's "Journal of Education" shows that the Board is already considering the possibility of freeing teachers who hold the Government certificate from their promise to serve entirely in elementary schools.

As democracy gains more and more weight in our government we become more and more alive to the necessity of educating—not merely cramming—our masters. The success of Ruskin College at Oxford and the objects of the Workers' Educational Association and similar bodies suggest that the new political

force does not wish to shut its eyes to our past, however much it may wish to modify our future. The demand for the higher education of the workers' children may be met, not only by moving bright pupils from primary to secondary schools, but also by staffing the elementary schools with teachers possessing secondary school and university traditions. The new regulations will thus eventually ensure that our latest masters shall not break the continuity of our development in sheer ignorance of the path along which we have hitherto travelled.

All this is excellent; but there is another point of view to be considered. The bursars—formerly pupil-teachers—have to satisfy their head teachers and the Government inspector that they are "not unsuitable to become elementary school teachers". This negative should be changed into a very strong affirmative; for teaching is a vocation which not every intelligent well-bred boy or girl is fit to undertake. Elementary teaching especially is—and will remain so long as the Board allows such large classes in our elementary schools—a specialised and very trying kind of teaching; it strains body, nerve and temper, and a square peg in a round hole is far more dangerous in school than he is in most other positions, since in school he is working on living spirit in its most impressionable stages of development and may mar hundreds of natures before he retires.

The pupil-teacher system at least gave the unsuitable an early opportunity of dropping out, and the bursary system ought to provide similar opportunities. If, for instance, bursars were to spend the few weeks which represent the difference between the length of the elementary school holidays and those of the secondary school in elementary-school teaching a double advantage would result: they themselves would find out from experience what the work was like; and the heads of the schools in which they spent these weeks would have sufficient opportunities of seeing whether the bursar had the making of a teacher in him: while the course of the bursar's own studies would not be affected in the least.

It is also to be hoped that the Board will refuse bursary grants to those local authorities which shall attempt to extract from their bursars a promise to return to their service on leaving college. Manchester has recently refused to build a training college because it cannot be sure that the teachers it trains would all teach in Manchester till they retire.

I remain, yours faithfully,
FRANK J. ADKINS.

MR. C. E. KEMPE, THE GREAT GLASS PAINTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 May, 1907.

SIR,—By the sudden passing away of Mr. C. E. Kempe on Monday, 29 April, a great gap has been created in the minds and lives of many, for there were few people more widely known in the activities of life, although he was in no sense a public man. (His death has been passed over in silence by all the London newspapers, with one or two exceptions.)

Not having sought publicity in any way, he always propounded a maxim to those who sat at his feet for advice and instruction, never in vain, "Do your work and don't talk about it". With this principle in his mind he moved steadily forward from the earliest beginnings of decorations to the great position he occupied as a stained-glass painter, without advertisement, letters to the press, or controversy of any kind.

He was laid to rest in the churchyard of Ovingdean, in Sussex, under the shadow of the church in which is to be seen his first effort in stained glass, the east window. Having nearly reached his seventieth birthday he was, nevertheless, a much younger man to his friends, never lagging behind the times, and maintaining a keen interest in politics; during the last years of his life he had become a devotee of motoring. It would be interesting to know if there is anyone alive in England who could recall the fact that his father was born in the year 1759; yet such was the case with Mr.

Kempe. He was an ardent Churchman, both in his art and in his life, as the two were inseparable; in fact, it was an open secret that he aspired in early days to taking Holy Orders, but was prevented by an impediment in his speech from proceeding to the final step. He made for himself, founded on a small Elizabethan residence, a beautiful home in Sussex, where he lived from Friday evenings till Tuesday mornings almost every week, filling in the intermediate days in London with the control of his staff of draughtsmen and glass painters (devoted adherents and companions), doing his correspondence, and interviewing clients. It was on Friday, April 26, that he was seized with the illness that ended fatally, while at work in his business premises in London. He died, therefore, as the favourite saying is, in harness.

It is impossible to review Mr. Kempe's work in a short space. One of his earlier large undertakings was the decoration of the chapel at Castle Howard, done while he was still a young man, and from that moment, it is supposed, his success was assured. The long list of his great achievements in stained glass would prove this. Notably, perhaps, at Gloucester and Lichfield Cathedrals (indeed there is hardly a cathedral without examples!), a memorial window to the Duke of Clarence in Buckingham Palace, the entire resetting of the magnificent old glass in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, many large undertakings in the colonies and America, one of the last being the great east window of the cathedral in Mexico. In domestic work he was also pre-eminent. It is easy to recall such examples as the heraldic glass in his own home, in the old Parish Church at Brighton and at Copped Hall. It is an accepted fact that he elevated the art of stained glass in England from a condition of mediocrity to a high pitch of excellence, taking the matter of colour particularly in hand. "Mr. Kempe's blue" has, indeed, become a proverb among the glass painters of to-day. His cartoons were entirely original work, done under his guidance by draughtsmen whom he had trained. There are examples in which the drawing has been shown to be at fault. In some windows the figures are stunted in proportion, but the high standard maintained throughout has been rarely equalled by any artist, nor has the output ever been approached in quality, taking the quantity into consideration. The tradition so well conceived and maintained between himself and his staff is one which should not fail, albeit the guiding hand has been removed. Mr. Kempe was a personality and a power in his lifetime, and his influence will surely still be felt and the tradition carried on after his death.

I remain, yours faithfully, E. B. H.

[Our correspondent does not see the worth of Mr. C. E. Kempe, as man, worker and Catholic Christian, too high. Many can truly say of him that to have known him and to have enjoyed his friendship is "part of their lives' unalterable good". One work of Mr. Kempe, not mentioned by our correspondent, appeals to us, the decoration of the chapel of Pembroke College, Oxford.—Ed. S.R.]

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 S. Stephen's Green, Dublin, 9 May, 1907.

SIR,—By a mistake for which my MS. is not responsible (I have a duplicate copy here with me) I am made to say in my letter on the Royal Hibernian Academy that the R.H.A. is well endowed and equipped.

Of course the late Government appointed the Commission because it is so miserably endowed and equipped that it has become a public scandal.

Yours truly,
J. B. YEATS, R.H.A.

A PRINTER'S ERROR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

New Street Square, London, E.C., 10 May, 1907.

SIR,—We much regret that by an unfortunate misunderstanding on our part Mr. Balfour's name was misprinted "Mr. B." in your Notes of last week's issue.

We are, Sir, yours faithfully,
SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD.

REVIEWS.

PATER AND THE GROUNDINGS.

"The Life of Walter Pater." By Thomas Wright. London: Everett. 1907. 2 vols. 24s. net.

IN a preface we should call complacent, were it not so beautifully naïve, Mr. Wright explains that "it is not surprising" that, his *Life of Fitzgerald* finished, he should have set himself to write on Pater. He resides "within walking distance of the old home of the Paters". He has long been on terms of intimacy with members of the Pater family. "The connexion of the Pater family with the poet Cowper" also "had its influence" over him. He feels for Pater "a sympathy bordering on love", but he has not "attempted to conceal his grave faults, which, however, he has tried to show, were in some degree attributable to the society into which he was thrown". The promise conveyed by these remarkable glimpses of Mr. Wright's qualifications and motives as biographer is amply fulfilled by the biography itself. Of course we differ, to begin with, from Mr. Wright's conception of the biographic art. It is only fair to grant that. If we attached any importance whatever to a corrected version of fifty trivialities on which Mr. Benson and others (according to Mr. Wright) have been quite misinformed, or to the revelation of opinions held about Pater by priggish and ignorant companions of his youth, or to pictures of churches which Pater attended at one time or another (unknown to Mr. Benson), or to tediously full accounts of those utterly insignificant friendships with commonplace people which occur invariably in the lives of men of genius, we should admit that Mr. Wright had scored quite a number of points. And perhaps he is hardly less amusing than absurd. He sticks mostly to mild narrative, and happily eschews original criticism. Now and then, it is true, he burgeons into a literary comment entirely his own, as when he emphasises Pater's love of white objects by declaring him to be "the Alma-Tadema of English literature"—"he stands for white marble"—or when, having in his preface ridiculed somebody else for accusing Pater's style of "resiliency", he remarks of the Winckelmann essay that it "reminds the reader of nothing so much as the flash of sabres". It will be seen, however, that these rare touches are redeemed by their own absurdity. No good book about Pater has ever appeared, but this book is so far off from Pater that its innocence might almost avert our strictures.

We have wondered, as we read these volumes, for whom "Lives" of Pater are intended. Pater himself, we had thought, appeals essentially to a limited class; and within this class we can imagine nobody who is at all likely in 1907 to care (for example) what was thought of Pater, or said to him, by Jowett. People who are really interested in the most subtle writer of the nineteenth century are not the sort of people to be concerned with the small beer of biography. We may admire Jowett if we please, and we admire Dr. Johnson; but to inquire what was Jowett's attitude to Pater would seem to us as idiotic as to ask what Dr. Johnson thought of Blake's drawings. We are taking this Jowett "incident" merely as typical. It figures in other "Lives" of Pater as well, and its appearance typifies their extraordinary pointlessness. Every wise man (and every fool) is perfectly aware that artistic hedonism, as it was expounded by the "aesthetes" and occasionally by Pater himself, is a philosophy unsuited to the middle forms of schools. A good book on Pater, if such a work is ever published, will boldly dissociate him from the little world of Oxford tittle-tattle, of ritualism and anti-ritualism, of æsthetic young men and disapproving dons, which happened to be the outward setting of Pater's career. Pater's life in college is just about as important for genuine readers of Pater as Keats' life among other surgeons' apprentices is important for lovers of Keats' poetry. The good book about Pater will be written by somebody who has sense enough to see that what is essential in Pater is something common to all his writings, and is absolutely unaffected by any change, supposed or real, in his moral or theological leanings. The same somebody will also be aware that it is idle and silly to

describe Pater's style as beautiful but exotic, or to regard him as a critic of art primarily, or to set very great store by his several judgments of art and literature. Pater's remarkable personality expressed itself through letters instinctively; but the subject-matter of his writings, whether Italian art or Platonism or English poetry, is quite accidental in a true estimate of his importance. Any work of art that detained his attention was simply a nucleus round which he crystallised his own view of life. Life itself, for Pater, was a thing to be handled and emotionally valued, precisely as he would value a picture or a work of architecture. Those elements of life which evaded the process he simply excluded from his scheme, and the proof of his extraordinary intellectual vitality appears in the fact that he had to exclude so little. Even philosophy became "charming" in his hands and truly "musical". His essay on Coleridge, an essay so cold and restrained that it disappoints the less discerning critics, is as much an effort of the purely artistic temperament as the ecstatic colour of his "Denys l'Auxerrois". His mind was profoundly metaphysical in texture, and his sense of veneration was probably unique among modern writers, if we except Newman.

And yet, with a nature thus prepared (it would seem) alike for the philosophic vocation and for the religious, Pater was deaf to both. Here lies the strength and permanence of his personality. He was an artist who might have been either a philosopher or a saint. At both he looks wistfully. On one side or the other artists are almost invariably deficient. Pater is extraordinary because the temperament of the artist, in him, had the support of an intellect at once intensely analytic and innately mystical. In all his writings we are conscious of this groundwork. The grasp of a magnificent intelligence is perceived behind his most sensuous fantasy. Hence that pellucid unity of principle (or rather, of feeling) which runs through everything he wrote. He is the only "temperamental" critic who has ever produced this effect, and it is extremely improbable that there will ever be another. For the central importance of Pater, after all, is this—that although he lived "by the fireside", he represents the intellectual spirit of his age with miraculous fidelity. To the "movements" of that age he was indifferent; but its movement in the large sense, the distinctively modern turn of thought, is exemplified by Pater as clearly and powerfully as by Ibsen or Nietzsche. For Pater, as for the other great moderns, the personality of the individual is everything. It is personality for which he looks everywhere, whether in actual people like Montaigne or in artistic creations like the Virgins of Botticelli or da Vinci. We have heard so much about Pater's "style", and he is so often associated with what is called "culture", that he has come to be regarded, even among fairly intelligent people, as typical of that sterile grace which can only flower in a decadent civilisation. Such a view of him is simply preposterous. Pater, even if we allow a certain merit to the epigram which says he wrote English as a dead language, belongs to that new order which has wholly disentangled itself from the social, moral and æsthetic conventions of the past age. His iconoclasm is more than systematic; it is instinctive and often almost unconscious. We can imagine, therefore, two ways in which a really bad "Life" of Pater might be written. It might be written by some æsthetic disciple who can echo Pater's modes of expression without grasping in the least his quite sincere and fundamental originality of outlook. Or it might be written by some worthy professional man of letters who is under the quaint delusion that Pater was a man of letters too, albeit addicted at times to dangerous stray utterances. We are forgetting a third way—Mr. Wright's. But Mr. Wright's factory of biography is becoming a nuisance. It is time it were summarily abated. If we took his work seriously at all, we should have to say much harder things about it. As it is, he is just an irritation. We want him out of the way. He has scribbled his name on Fitzgerald, Burton and Pater; and we hear he is threatening Dickens and Ruskin. Decency should forbid.

GREEK POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

"The Political Thought of Plato and Aristotle." By E. Barker. London: Methuen. 1906. 10s. 6d.

IT may seem ungracious to complain of the length to which Mr. Barker has allowed his treatise on the political thought of Plato and Aristotle to expand itself. All the matter is sound, thoughtful, and stimulating, and he has explained in the preface how his work came to exceed the limits of his original design. He had started to write an introduction to the "Politics", and this, he found, led him into an exhaustive discussion of Aristotle's predecessors and, in particular, of Plato. Nor could he abstain from a brief review of Aristotle's enormous influence on thought in the Middle Ages. We are nearly half-way through the book when we reach Aristotle. Unfortunately, the preliminary portion is almost deterrent. When Plato is taken out of the dialogue and treated simply on his opinions, especially when a conscientious commentator elaborates their developments, variations and occasional inconsistencies, the task imposed on the student is somewhat formidable—not to say gritty. Now Mr. Barker has many of the qualifications for an excellent critic, but he does not possess the art of presenting a luminous running analysis. Whether he is giving us his author's or his own views he uses the same solid, though not unpolished, style, and, if the reader's attention wanders for a moment, he may find himself attributing to the Greek philosopher what in truth are the theories of the Oxford scholar. This unconscious trick makes unnecessary demands upon the mind, which would be exercised quite enough by the problems in the text. The fault—for such we consider it—is more deceptive in Mr. Barker's dealings with Plato than with Aristotle. Perhaps the reason is that in the former case he is more influenced than in the latter by the spirit of T. H. Green, whose mental attitude, of course, was Platonic rather than Aristotelian. In pointing out, what is freely acknowledged, the indebtedness to the Balliol teacher, we must not be thought to suggest that Mr. Barker's work is not marked by independent and original reflection. He has given generously of his deep study, and written a book that will be necessary to future students of Greek philosophy.

Nor have we anything but praise for the thoroughness which has induced him to add a fairly full sketch of the use to which the "Politics" was put by some of the great thinkers of the Middle Ages. It did not, Mr. Barker points out, come to them through the Arab scholars, for there "was no basis in Arabic politics and civilisation for the building of an Aristotelian system of politics". It was otherwise in the Christian West, for the growth of political theory in the Church had prepared the way for some of the main Aristotelian ideas. The Church had adopted Aristotle. It had obtained the "Ethics" and "Politics", not through translations of Avicenna's paraphrases or Averrhoës' commentaries, but directly in translations from the Greek, and the "Vetus Versio" of 1270 was made from a better text, as Mr. Barker reminds us, than any which we now possess of the "Politics". Some interesting passages are quoted from the "Song of Lewes" written by a Franciscan in support of Simon de Montfort and imposing what may be called constitutional limitations on Royal authority: e.g.

Qui regem custodiunt ne peccet temptatus
Ipsi regi serviunt, quibus esse gratus
Sit, quod ipsum liberant ne sit servus factus,
Quod ipsum non superant a quibus est tractus.

Such theories were adapted to the purposes of the Papacy in its struggle with the Empire, and naturally S. Thomas made play with them in harmonising Aristotle with Roman doctrine. The identity of law and reason is combined with the Greek philosopher's preference for a monarchical or aristocratic system, and leads him to declare in favour of a mixed government. At some length, though not quite so fully as might be desired, Mr. Barker traces the Aristotelian influence in Fortescue in the fifteenth and Hooker in the sixteenth century. Of the author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" he says that "Hooker remains a

Janus-like figure, and while he looks backward to Aquinas and Aristotle, he looks forward to Locke and Rousseau." On the other hand, Dante, a champion of the Holy Roman Empire, used texts of Aristotle in arguing that the supreme need of man was "the tranquillity of peace", which was best to be attained in a world governed by a single ruler—the Emperor. But the philosopher's authority was claimed with equal insistence by both parties. Mr. Barker next proceeds to explain the more dexterous treatment of Aristotle by Marsilio of Padua, who enjoyed the advantage drawn from the substantial, though far from complete, correspondence between a Greek *polis* and a mediæval Italian city. Some of his conclusions would, no doubt, "make Aristotle gasp", yet, on the whole, his "Defensor Pacis" was, if not an irrefutable, at least a legitimate, adaptation of the "Politics" to the conditions of his own times.

We cannot here follow Mr. Barker's account of the relations between Machiavelli and Aristotle, or of the revolt that came with the Renaissance and the Reformation against the deductive method of which Aristotle, quite wrongly, was taken as the chief exponent. The acute but not erudite Hobbes made a direct attack upon him, and went so far as to declare that nothing could be said "more repugnant to government than what he hath said in his 'Politiques', nor more ignorantly than a great part of his 'Ethiques'". The restoration of Aristotle's authority towards the end of the eighteenth century was accompanied, as we know, by two audacious though equally misleading perversions of his eminently sane and balanced utterances. This part of the subject has been too briefly discussed by Mr. Barker, and most students of Aristotle would rejoice if he could find time to develop it, either in a later edition of the present work or in an independent treatise based upon his skilful and attractive Epilogue.

In an interesting appendix a brief account is given of a weekly newspaper published in 1654. It rejoiced in the neat and compendious title of "Observations, Historical, Political, and Philosophical, upon Aristotle's First Book of Political Government: together with a Narrative of State Affairs in England, Scotland, and Ireland". In the first issue the observations were limited to two and a half pages, and the news was packed into one and a half. In the second the observations had extended to six, while the news had only extended to two. This may have been good philosophy, but it was hardly business as understood in the Fleet Street of our own epoch, and it is somewhat surprising to learn that the adventure survived to a sixth number. To the anticipated objection that Aristotle's bright candle or Lamp of Reason should not be displayed to the common view the editor replies that the same argument might be used in the case of the Bible. "I shall show the happiness of those people that live under such a government, where it is the duty of the governors to rule by Law, as the Lord Protector hath sworn to do." It was believed that such a publication would be useful if brought forward "in parcels" in "this time of needful searching out of perfection in government". Apparently, a long life was contemplated for the undertaking, for it was intended to "apply Aristotle to all history, and so get lessons thereof". But there was no blind subservience to Aristotle. The editor of "Observations" (he will excuse us for curtailing the title) will not accept slavery as a natural institution. It is by "second nature", for "man is a free creature by nature". The last number was a "discourse on the basis of the Papal States", but it would have been interesting to obtain a scientific defence of the Lord Protector's life and policy on the principles of the "Politics".

In the preceding remarks on Mr. Barker's valuable work we have dwelt mainly on what seems to have been to him chiefly a *παράργον*. For this we make no apology, since we regard it as the more important and better executed portion of the book. When he is discussing the writings of Plato and Aristotle he labours under the supposed necessity of putting down all he knows upon the subject, all that other authorities have said or written, all that might be thought or conjectured. His criticism would be immensely improved if it were relentlessly condensed with a firm but

friendly hand. Nor has he altogether succeeded in shaking himself free from the lecture-room manner. He makes a habit of working out a thesis in ordinary language, and then clinching it by some phrase that will seize the attention of the undergraduate and make him use his note-book. Let us give one example of the method. "While we see reason to disagree with the application of either political economy or 'anatomy' to the 'Republic', we may none the less admit that its practical motive is a fact. Its author seeks the truth, but seeks it in order that it shall make men free. The philosophy of mind is written not by way of an analysis, but rather for warning and counsel. In this, indeed, it is true to the general character of the political thought of Greece; but in Plato, more than in Aristotle, the note of warning and of counsel is dominant. Indignation makes the 'Republic'." This is not an unfair specimen of Mr. Barker's professorial style. It is pleasant and proper in its place; but on the printed page it is dilatory and apt to get on the nerves. Sometimes, as in this instance, it betrays the author into exaggeration. A more serious fault is that it tempts the reader to skip and skim, whereas the reasoning is consecutive and should be closely followed.

WANTED—A SATISFACTORY MONISM.

"Christian Theism and a Spiritual Monism." By the Rev. W. L. Walker. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1906. 9s.

THERE has been a marked endeavour to monopolise the expression "Monism" for agnostic interpretations of the universe. But this is a question-begging use. As the author of some lectures on the scientific temper in religion says, "Monism belongs to all reasonable thought alike. For no thought can be content to acknowledge two fundamental realities, both of them eternal." The volume before us adopts the same idea. "Any system" writes Dr. Walker "which explains the phenomena of the universe by referring them all to a single principle is monistic." Thus Monism may be of two sorts. There is a naturalistic agnostic Monism and a spiritual or theistic Monism. The expression "spiritual Monism" is accordingly a wholesome protest against the implication that the reduction of multiplicity to unity must lead necessarily to a materialist result. As Dr. Ward says in his invaluable Gifford Lectures, "The agnostic Monism of science, we feel, does not content us, and the idealistic or, as I would rather say, the spiritualistic Monism of certain philosophers is unacceptable to scientific speculation. . . . How far we can transcend agnostic Monism, how far we can establish a spiritual Monism—these are the problems that remain to us. From a world of spirits to a Supreme Spirit is a possible step. So far as we succeed in solving these problems, then so far we shall have secured a basis for a Natural Theology." This problem Dr. Walker faces. He founds his argument on the rational character of the material universe. We find ourselves confronted with a universe rationally explicable. But a universe rationally explicable must be constituted by Reason. Our author admits that Reason as actually working in Nature is as seen by us rather a principle than a person. But he contends that when we rise from the conditioned manifestation of God to the Divine Reason which is its source, we cannot think of the Reason in itself as other than self-conscious. However valuable this line of thought may be, it requires a deeper treatment to make it convincing. But why not advance boldly with the argument of idealism? Dr. Walker prefers to avoid idealist philosophy. He accepts its main conclusions, but thinks those conclusions should be reached by a different and more empirical way. He does not wish to criticise idealism, being conscious of the high service it has often rendered to religion. It is associated with great names which he reveres. Yet he has misgivings. It is unsuited to the man in the street. It seems moreover to lack in cogency. The idealist argument put briefly is that all things exist for mind only; that apart from mind there could be no world of things; and

that therefore there must be a Universal Mind for which the things which we know existed before the human mind had any being. In Dr. Walker's view this argument "does not prove that nothing can exist save for a mind. It does not meet, for example, the materialistic assertion of a self-originating world which only comes to consciousness in us. . . . Besides, if things exist for our thought, they also certainly exist before our thought; and so it might be argued that things must exist before there can be any thought."

This objection seems to show the necessity for further study of idealism. We may take for our standing-point Huxley's remarkable essay on the metaphysics of sensation. Huxley's treatment of idealism is most suggestive both for its admirations and its repugnances. He acknowledges that Berkeley's theory sounds like the acme of metaphysical paradox which common-sense folk refute by stamping on the ground or some other such irrelevant proceeding. Nevertheless he affirms that "it is worth any amount of trouble to comprehend the exact nature of the argument by which Berkeley arrived at his results". No doubt the man in the street assumes that things would exist just as he sees them, even if no mind had ever been engaged in their contemplation. A little reflection however convinces him that colour and taste and scent could not be what they are apart from the self-conscious recipient. Sensations, pain for instance, manifestly exist in the mind and not in the object of sensation. Further reflection persuades him that this is not only true of what have been designated secondary qualities of matter, such as colour and sound; but also of the primary qualities, such as extension and solidity. For extension implies position, direction, place. It is an idea of relations, and implies the existence of mind perceiving those relations. "It is, I confess", says Huxley, "quite as easy for me to imagine that redness may exist apart from a visual sense, as it is to suppose that co-existence, number and distance can have any existence apart from the mind of which they are ideas." What is solidity? It is resistance to pressure. And by what is it apprehended? By the muscular sense. But what is meant by solidity in the absence of all mental realisation of it? Action and force are inconceivable except as a state of consciousness. Huxley's conclusion therefore is, "I conceive that this reasoning is irrefragable. And therefore, if I were obliged to choose between absolute materialism and absolute idealism, I should feel compelled to accept the latter alternative." But yet Huxley evades the idealist conclusion. He imagines the existence of a rational piano, conscious of sound and of nothing else. The rational piano is then supposed to reason as follows: All my knowledge consists of sounds and the perception of the relations of sounds. Now the being of sound is to be heard, and it is inconceivable that the existence of the sounds I know should depend upon any other existence than that of the mind of a hearing being. This would be sound argument, says Huxley, on Berkeleyan principles. And yet, for all that, pianos have an existence quite apart from sounds. To us it appears that Huxley's argument is confused by his illustration. The rational piano and the sound are related as subject and object. And certainly the existence of the sound depends upon the rational subject. But the fact that pianos have an existence quite apart from sound is entirely wide of the question. The question is whether the existence of the piano is conceivable apart from mind. A piano is a machine for producing sound. Sound was the very purpose existing in its maker's mind. A piano is "an episode in a world of sound". And sound has no meaning apart from mind. Thus Berkeley's argument, being that of the relation of subject and object, is simply unaffected by Huxley's rational piano. Indeed, Huxley himself makes the remarkable admission, "I am utterly incapable of conceiving the existence of matter, if there is no mind in which to picture that existence."

As Dr. Ward, in his Gifford Lectures, puts it, "Mind is at any rate the name for the subjective factor, and matter the name for the objective factor in experience. . . . Matter is inconceivable apart from mind, but mind is not inconceivable apart from matter." We may complete the idealistic line of thought from

Dr. Rashdall's essay in *Contentio Veritatis*. Things exist for consciousness. Does this mean that things of which we are not conscious do not exist? Certainly not. To say that things exist for mind is not to say that they exist exclusively for our minds. The implication is that they exist ultimately for an Infinite Mind. Geology assures us of a period when no human mind existed. "If therefore that which is not experienced or even thought of by any human consciousness is to have any existence at all, there must be a Mind for which all things exist always." Thus the existence of God is a necessity for thought. "We cannot understand the world of which we form a part except upon this assumption of a Universal Mind, for which or in which all that is exists."

It may, of course, be objected that these metaphysical conceptions postulate mental training beyond that of the man in the street. And it is certainly true, as Dr. Walker says, that "belief in God cannot be dependent on reasons which are recondite or difficult of apprehension". But this only means, as Dr. Rashdall maintains, that for the generality of mankind religious belief must rest to a very large extent upon authority. Moreover, the correspondence between doctrine and the needs of human nature will of itself commend the truth to their acceptance. Nevertheless the answers to the inquiries of the speculative reason may necessarily be recondite or difficult of apprehension. And we cordially endorse Dr. Rashdall's plea, "it were much to be desired that some metaphysical training should be diffused among a much larger number of people than now enjoy it—especially among those who are concerned with the teaching of religion in a sceptical age". We also firmly believe that the common-sense arguments for theistic belief are only the metaphysical arguments imperfectly thought out. And while no doubt there are other lines than the metaphysical along which the conclusions of Theism may be reached, yet an insistence on the value of metaphysics is peculiarly necessary for minds held ordinarily within the restrictions of physical science. It is very wholesome, although, of course, uncongenial, to be reminded that there are whole realms beyond the science of natural phenomena. Dr. Ward's caution with regard to the realm of history, for instance, is invaluable. "Science has left the historical so long aside that it is beginning to forget that experience in itself is historical at all." It is no less important to urge the value of philosophy. If men in our day do not understand certain fundamental principles it is, as Bishop Gore reminded us, due to the fact that "it has not fallen in their way to study metaphysics, which is the science of first principles of reality as known to us". So far from shrinking from idealistic theories, we ought distinctly to put them forward. As a recent writer says: "The historical reaction from metaphysical conceptions . . . cuts the wings of the soul and reduces the scale and measure of its thinking. It cannot meet the craving of the human spirit, which knows but too well those hours when the metaphysical is the only outlet to the pent-up sense of infinity."

NOVELS.

"**The Fighters.**" By Lady Violet Greville. London: Chapman and Hall. 1907. 6s.

Great themes need great handling: a thing denied to the Peninsular War in this story, which in style and characterisation never rises above mediocrity. "The Fighters" may make some of those who read it think regretfully of "Charles O'Malley". For heroine we have an adventuress of a familiar type—lovely, fascinating and vindictive—who marries a British officer in order to spy upon the movements of our troops. *Omnia vincit amor*. The lady grows to love the man whom she first despised, and determines to abandon her treacherous part. It is too late. She is discovered; and the husband, in the conventional manner and after the usual flow of invective, only does not strangle her. To these stormy passions relief is offered by the humours of a Scottish sergeant and an Irish vivandière. These we might have accepted more complacently; had

the author taken the trouble to make their speech consistent throughout with their respective nationalities. As it is, the sergeant is now a Saxon, now a North Briton; and they do not say "hae" for have, and "streeched" for stretched, in Tipperary.

"**The Flying Cloud.**" By Morley Roberts. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1907. 6s.

Mr. Morley Roberts has heard the full gamut of every wind that blows, and can make his reader hear it. He can paint the joy and terror of climbing to the skysail-yard for the first time in hues so vivid that the landsman feels his senses swim. The centre of his searhapsody is the sailing-ship which gives this book its title. He has drawn an admirable portrait of the "Flying Cloud". He claims, and justly, that an acquaintance with the wide spaces and changing moods of ocean is an inspiring influence in a lad's life; but we protest against his assumption that the companionship of foul-mouthed reprobates is an equally valuable and desirable element in education. Mr. Roberts holds, we gather, that a voyage to Australia amid such accompaniments made a man of his hero. Those who are fond of using that phrase may ask themselves, once in a while, What sort of man? There are several bad characters aboard the "Flying Cloud", to whose commonplace brutality needless prominence is given. Their maunderings merely hamper the course of the narrative.

"**Armageddon 190—.**" By Seestern. Authorised translation by G. Herring, with an Introduction by Admiral the Hon. Sir E. Fremantle, G.C.B. London: Kegan Paul. 1907. 6s.

This is a good translation of a recent German work which has a much better claim to publication than most recent English nightmares about future wars, and is far more worthy of consideration than the book called "Deutsche Träume" which appeared a year or two ago. The present story is remarkable for its concentration on naval actions—somewhat tedious to the lay mind, but commended on the whole by Admiral Fremantle. England, France, Spain and Portugal are arrayed against the Triple Alliance. The United States start the mischief—and keep out of it. Russia remains neutral. The war is ended by a colossal rising of the yellow and black races against Europe, which forces the exhausted combatants to unite. Some scenes in our House of Commons are unintentionally humorous. We cannot quite see a German prisoner of war paraded through London to be pelted by the mob, nor South Africa saved from the Kafir by the German garrison of Damaraland after the Boers have apparently been wiped out. And where in the world are "the Portuguese possessions in Further India", which we filch from our faithful ally?

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"**Recollections and Impressions.**" By E. M. Sellar. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1907.

The writer of these memoirs is Mrs. E. M. Sellar, the widow of William Young Sellar, who was one time Professor of Greek at S. Andrews and from 1863 to 1890 Professor of Humanity, otherwise Latin, at Edinburgh. There are two classes of readers to whom, without any doubt, they will be perfectly delightful. The first will be those for whom Mrs. Sellar says they were entirely written, her grandchildren, but that class may surely be extended to all who are connected with her by any domestic relationship. The second class will be that exceedingly wide circle who were personally acquainted with Professor Sellar in any way whatever. In this class the writer of this notice, as a student of Professor Sellar in his later years at Edinburgh, is pleased to consider himself; and he reads these memoirs with all the relish which admiration for a personality like that of Professor Sellar must excite. A bias of this kind makes one doubt somewhat one's judgment as to their charm with others who are not so prepossessed. And yet this must be an unjust suggestion against these bright, clever pages and the cultured and tactful woman who has written them. They are not concerned with affairs on the great scale, but they abound in recollections of intimacies and friendships and meetings with most of the men who were the famous literary contemporaries of Professor Sellar. The circle which he entered at Balliol when Jowett was Master had a wide circumference,

and either included or was included in many others. In Oxford, S. Andrews, Edinburgh, London, Italy, Mrs. Sellar lived amongst or met the people who by general consent would be considered interesting, and she writes of them in that best of all styles, the minute, familiar, gossip style of a cultivated, shrewd, tactful and experienced woman who feels the humour and the pathos of what she has seen and known. Perhaps there is just a little excess of feminine enthusiasm for her distinguished men. But as all her women, too, are beautiful and clever, "Every lass a queen", we may be wrong. In any case, whatever may be creation or whatever may be pure recollection, the book is of rare graciousness and refined simplicity.

"Poems of Keats." Selected and with an Introduction by Arthur Symonds. Edinburgh: Jack. 1907. 2s. 6d. net.

We confess to rather a strong and growing distaste for editions of Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth—among a hundred others—introduced with critical and explanatory notes by men of letters to-day. It is one of the advantages about the admirable little editions of the great poets which Edward Moxon published—not to his commercial gain—that they are free of such matter. How much better it is to read Wordsworth's "Excursion", for instance, in the delightful little blue book in which Moxon published it than in any of the up-to-date reprints, end-papered and noted and appreciated and all the rest of it! However, it is clear that Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats are not much in demand to-day unless they are dressed up more or less. In this edition of Keats the dressing-up, so far as the pictorial part goes, is altogether too much for us. If Keats himself had opened the book and seen the picture of Isabella opposite p. 84 pining for her Basil, he might indeed have been "snuffed-out" by it. Fortunately the introduction and notes are of a different quality; and if all introducers and editors of the poets were as good as Mr. Symonds we might be less discontent with such reprints. He has selected with judgment and taste, and we are pleased to find a sonnet included in the collection which has been often overlooked—that on Sleep. Palgrave certainly ought to have put this wonderful poem—"O soft embalmer of the still midnight"—in the "Golden Treasury".

"The Library: a Quarterly Review of Bibliography and Literary Lore." Edited by J. Y. W. Macalister and E. W. Pollard. London: Moring. 12s. 6d. net.

This sixth volume of the new series of "The Library" is a solid and praiseworthy piece of work. It is said of so many works of reference and works appealing to a certain profession or class that they are "indispensable" that one hesitates to use the word at all in criticism. But it may fairly be said that most people who are seriously concerned in library work will do well to study the volume as it is bound each year. The present volume contains articles on various interesting subjects dealt with by acknowledged experts. We may mention "Notes and Additions to the Census of Copies of the Shakespeare First Folio", by Mr. Sidney Lee; "The Printers of Shakespeare's Plays and Poems", by Mr. H. R. Plumer; and "The Cambridge Beaumont and Fletcher", by Mr. W. W. Greg. These and other articles are of considerable and lasting value to the makers and preservers of libraries. "The 'Religio Medici'", originally an address delivered at the Physical Society, Guy's Hospital, is printed in the volume, and makes an agreeable article.

Messrs. Blackwood continue their substantial reprints of George Eliot's novels, including "Felix Holt", "Silas Marner", "Romola", "Middlemarch", and "The Mill on the Floss", at 3s. 6d. net each. The print of all the volumes save "Middlemarch" is excellent; we find the last-named a little trying. Each has a photogravure frontispiece. We cannot always reconcile ourselves to these pictures, though they are well drawn and reproduced. Who, for instance, among those who know "Felix Holt" and greatly care for it, can find in this frontispiece quite the hero and heroine they have imagined for themselves?

An "entirely new edition" of Mrs. Beeton's "All about Cookery" has been published by Messrs. Ward, Lock. Half-a-crown is certainly a small sum to pay for all the knowledge of "the finest housekeeper in the world". But one is bound to protest against the habit of regarding such works as if they were books. They are no more books than a hoe or spade or broomstick is a book; and nobody who has the least sense of literary decency will allow such things to perch for a second on a bookshelf or to come anywhere near a room supposed to be a library. Once this is well understood and acknowledged we have no objection in the world to Mrs. Beeton. Her work might well be on every kitchen dresser.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Mai. 3 fr.

This number contains a quite unusual quantum of good papers even for the "Revue des Deux Mondes". M. Ferrero treats, in the second article of his series on the opening years of the Roman Empire, the question of the influence of Egypt

on Rome. He finds in the conquest of Egypt the cause of the growing desire for luxury and refinement which was becoming daily more evident in Roman life and overmastered the attraction undoubtedly exercised for a time by the influence of old traditions which had a short revival after the battle of Actium. The writer traces, very ingeniously, the effect of these two contending forces in the poems of Horace. M. Ollivier is still writing on the well-worn theme, worn rather thin by his own efforts, of the state of France and Europe just before the outbreak of the war of 1870. Still there is much in his sketch of the situation worth study. While Napoleon III. was aware of the danger from revolutionary sources he was completely blind to the menace of the Prussian advance. M. Benoist deals with "Machiavellism before Machiavelli" in the manner that would be expected from his wide acquaintance with Italian history and literature.

THE MAY REVIEWS.

Imperial problems, which at this particular time we might expect to engage the attention of the monthly reviewer, are to a very large extent left to the "Nineteenth Century". Sir Charles Tupper, the veteran Canadian statesman, returns to the consideration of questions which he has done much to advance. He is as convinced as ever that only by a tenacious hold on "central British ideals" can the British Empire be "preserved from the disintegrating influences that have overwhelmed so many empires of the past". Mr. Ellis Barker asks "Will the British Empire stand or fall?" He examines our relations with the United States and Germany in order to ascertain whether we can maintain a naval standard equal to the combined fleets, and concludes that we cannot unless we abandon "a happy-go-lucky hand-to-mouth policy" in favour of constructive imperialism. We must utilise the resources of the Empire in furtherance of a policy dictated by common-sense and "the universal practical experience of mankind". Lord Monk Bretton, dealing with the loyalty of South Africa, assures us that the "ideal" of independence disappeared with Mr. Kruger and has been replaced by another—the federation of the South African Colonies. Only one real danger to the British connexion exists: "it is the possible interference of the Imperial Government in the native question". Sir George Arthur reviews Colonel Murray's book on "Imperial Outposts", which he hails as evidence of the new interest now taken by Army men in issues of a professional nature. Mr. E. N. Bennett, as a Radical who does mind being called a Little Englander, characterises Mr. Haldane's Army scheme as "Playing at Soldiers" and urges him to make such alterations as will help more effectually to guarantee the inviolability of our shores at home. The new Army proposals are approved by the Earl of Cardigan in the "Monthly", are criticised by a military correspondent in the "National", and heartily defended by Major Seely in the "Albany", whilst Mr. J. A. Murray Macdonald in the "Contemporary" expresses his disappointment that the Government have not made more sweeping reductions in the military and naval estimates, and "Excubitor" in the "Fortnightly" commends "the nobler part" played by Ministers who have given an earnest of their "desire for a limitation of armaments".

Politically the most timely article in the Reviews is Mr. Walter Long's "Note on the Irish Question" in the "Fortnightly", in which he contends that Devolution would be found in some ways more dangerous than Home Rule. It would, he says, be "criminal folly" to shut our eyes to the purpose for which it would be used. Mr. Arnold-Forster in the "National" makes some suggestions for a Unionist policy, and emphasises the vital necessity for the retention of Tariff Reform in the forefront of the programme. "Tariff Reform is indissolubly connected with some of the greatest social problems which await solution." Mr. J. A. Spender in the "Contemporary" rightly assumes that Tariff Reform will henceforth dominate Unionist policy, and little though they like it Liberals, he says, join hands with its advocates in believing that a constructive social policy is necessary to the country. Something at least has been achieved when so good a Radical as Mr. Spender writes: "We may accept it as the great gain of the Tariff controversy thus far that it has stirred Englishmen into thinking about the poverty of the poor and into bringing some of their cherished traditions and prejudices under revision." Mr. Spender is fearful lest the Government should be hurried into courses which would give the impression that it is uncertain of its tenure of office. The failure of Liberalism is dealt with by Mr. Joseph Clayton in the "National": "It is not only that the Government has done nothing to encourage a belief in Liberalism; it is rather because there seems no likelihood of anything being done in the future that the failure of Liberalism is daily brought home to the electors." Multitudes, he says, "who voted the Liberals in months ago, in the expectation of a new era of progress, are now turning sorrowfully away—turning to the Labour party with its Socialistic programme on the one hand, and to the Tory with his Tariff Reform proposals on the other". The Earl of Erroll, also in the "National",

criticises the Scotch Land Bill from the landlord's point of view, showing that at present the tenant gets land at 3 per cent.—terms which the proposed legislation can hardly hope to improve upon. *Woman Suffrage* is looked at from various standpoints by Mrs. Billington-Greig, who says in the "Albany" that woman's conservatism has been turned by a cheap and nasty pseudo-science into an argument against her political liberty; by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart in the "Fortnightly", who examines the biological and sociological relations of the sexes, in order to prove that anxiety on the part of those who dread the future logical consequences of the enfranchisement of women is superfluous; and by Mrs. E. M. Simon in the "Monthly", who fears the effect of political strife on woman's health and physical responsibilities, and on the home which is her province.

Mr. Herbert Paul has apparently abandoned for a while the political in favour of the literary essay. He has some reflections in the "Nineteenth Century" on the idle reader, for whose patronage writers enter into eager competition. The Rev. Alfred Church, as one whose books have commanded moderate success, pays a tribute to the fair dealing of the publishers. In the "National" Miss Hallard gives us some hitherto unpublished notes of Renan's. In the "Monthly" Mr. Basil Tozer makes a well-justified plea for shorter novels, and Mr. Arthur Symonds brings to notice a forgotten poet,

(Continued on page 596.)

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John Clare, whom by the way we have not all forgotten. The son of a pauper farm labourer, Clare "wrote his earlier poems in the intervals of hard manual labour in the fields, and his later poems in lucid intervals in a madhouse, to which ill-health, overwork and drink had brought him". In the "Albany" Mr. Symons himself is the subject of a discriminating "appreciation" by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, who finds that Mr. Symons, "one of the subtlest critics now writing here or abroad", is "the one interpreter of the 'decadents' worth reading in the English language". To Mr. MacCarthy Mr. Symons' criticism is of the kind which aims at being a work of art in itself; hence we suppose this criticism of criticism. Mr. Lewis Melville's account in the "Fortnightly" of Samuel Warren, the centenary of whose birth will occur on 23 May, can only increase present-day wonder that Warren's books ever acquired the vogue they did.

"The Law Magazine and Review" has a bright crisp article on "Some Recent Copyright Decisions", by Mr. J. Andrew Strahan. The articles on "Trusts and the Trade Disputes Act" and "Appeal on Matter of Fact in Criminal Cases", by Mr. D. F. Pennant and Mr. N. W. Sibley respectively, deal with matters of more than professional interest. Mr. Pennant shows that the new Act regulating trades-unions may not so completely take away all right of action against unions of workmen as has been supposed. But he maintains that unions of employers are less doubtfully given the utmost freedom from control by the law.

For this Week's Books see page 598.

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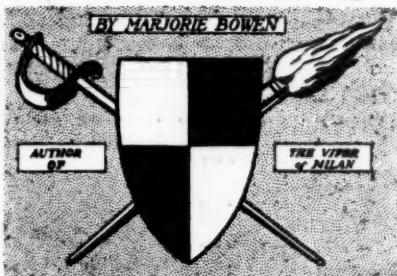
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EXPERTS' REPORTS.

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RAND MINES, LIMITED.

BALANCE SHEET, December 31, 1906.

CAPITAL AND LIABILITIES.

Dr.			
To Capital Account—			
Registered capital—			
1,950,000 Shares of 5s.			
each	£490,000	0	0
Less 164,044 Shares of 5s.			
each in reserve ..	41,011	0	0
1,785,956 Shares.	£448,989	0	0
Issued Capital—			
1,785,956 Shares of 5s.			
each	448,984	0	0
5 Shares of £1 each			
(not yet converted) ..	5	0	0
	£448,989	0	0
Share Premium Account—			
As per Balance-sheet,			
December 31, 1905 ..	170,777	0	0
Funds Transferred from			
Appropriation Account—			
For expenditure on In-			
vestments in excess of			
Working Capital pro-			
vided	2,318,676	11	10
	2,489,453	11	10
5 per cent. Debentures—			
Authorised Issue ..	£1,250,000	0	0
Less in Reserve ..	250,000	0	0
	1,000,000	0	0
Less Redeemed to date ..	500,000	0	0
	500,000	0	0
NOTE.—A further £83,350			
Debentures were drawn			
on December 4, 1906, for			
payment on January 1,			
1907.	£83,438,442	11	10
Sundry Shares subscribed for—			
South Nourse, Limited—			
68,112 Shares, 1s. 9d.			
per Share uncalled ..	5,959	16	0
Wolhuter Deep, Limited—			
44,567 Shares, 21s. 3d.			
per Share uncalled ..	47,352	8	9
City Deep, Limited—			
4,702 Shares, 15s. per			
Share uncalled ..	3,526	10	0
South Crown, Limited—			
403 Shares, 13s. per			
Share uncalled ..	261	19	0
Rand Mutual Assurance			
Co., Limited—			
11 Shares, £9 per Share			
uncalled	99	0	0
	57,199	13	9
Debenture Interest—			
Coupons Nos. 12 and 19			
—Unpresented ..	65	0	0
Coupon No. 20—for Half-			
year ending Dec. 31,			
1906	12,500	0	0
	12,565	0	0
Sundry Holders of Redeemed			
Debentures—			
6th Drawing unpresented			
Premium of 3 per cent.			
on £83,350 Debentures			
drawn on December 4,			
1906, for payment on			
January 1, 1907 ..	2,500	10	0
	2,550	0	0
Unclaimed Dividends Account—			
Unpresented Dividend			
Warrants, Dividends			
Nos. 1 to 6	2,634	6	9
Unpresented Bearer Share			
Warrant Coupons, Divi-			
dends Nos. 1, 3 to 6 ..	7,317	14	0
	10,002	0	9
Sundry Shareholders—			
Interim Dividend No. 7			
Sundry Creditors—			
On account of Sundries			
	269,393	8	0
	15,336	8	0
	368,048	10	6
Balance of Appropriation			
Account—			
Unappropriated	757,244	6	2
	£4,563,735	8	6

CONTINGENT LIABILITY.—The Company's Liability in respect of English Income-tax has still to be computed.

PROPERTY AND ASSETS.

Cr.			
By Claims, Mynpachts and Water Rights—			
385,4593 Mining Claims and Water Rights	£44,101	4	3
Freehold Farm Properties—			
"Mooifontein"—Freehold, in extent 611			
morgen 213 rods; "Langlaagte"—			
Freehold, in extent 276 morgen 311			
roods 89 feet; "Doornfontein"—Free-			
hold, in extent 28 morgen 221 rods ..	17,644	8	0
Freehold and Leasehold House Properties ..	16,750	0	0
Reservoirs and Pumping Plants—			
Natal Spruit Reservoir and			
Pumping Plant	113,936	0	1
Booyen's Spruit Reservoir			
and Pumping Plant	51,367	14	10
	165,303	14	11
Shares and Debentures at Cost in Various			
Companies	3,194,643	4	3
Carried forward	£3,438,442	11	10

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PROPERTY AND ASSETS—(continued).

Brought forward ..			
Machinery, Plant and Stores,			
&c. (for Account of Sub-			
siary Companies)—			
In Stock	10,667	16	9
In Transit	14,974	0	7
	24,141	17	4
Live Stock and Vehicles, &c.			
Furniture	1,289	20	0
Bearer Share Warrants ..	1,633	9	11
	669	18	9
	27,734	16	0
Deposits on Call, bearing			
Interest	833,333	5	6
Cash at Bankers and in Hand	11,538	17	2
	844,766	2	8
Sundry Debtors—			
Amounts owing by Sub-			
siary Companies—			
On Advance Accounts ..	35,100	0	0
On Current Accounts ..	4,189	3	6
Sundry Persons for Pro-			
ceeds of Shares sold and			
Current Accounts ..	57,943	18	6
Dividends to be received			
on Shareholdings	135,533	16	0
	252,791	18	0
	1,125,298	16	8
	£4,563,735	8	6

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1906.

Dr.				DECEMBER 31, 1906.			
To Administration Expenses—							
Salaries and Rents, Johannesburg and London ..	£7,846	5	3				
Directors', Paris Agents', Auditors' and Debenture Trustees' Fees ..	4,245	7	2				
Stationery, Printing, Advertising, Postages and Telegrams	2,364	15	6				
Legal Expenses	875	9	8				
Sundry General Expenses	4,050	15	6				
				£19,183	13	2	
French Fiscal Taxes—							
For the year ending December 31, 1906 ..	5,263	2	2				
Depreciation Account—							
Written off Real Estate, Live Stock and Vehicles, &c.				3,319	18	7	
5 per Cent. Debentures—							
3 per cent. premium on £83,350 Debentures drawn on December 4, 1906, for redemption on January 1, 1907				2,500	10	0	
Interest and Exchange—							
Net Expenditure				652	11	3	
							£20,995 25 2
Share Realisation—							
Reversal of Profits shown for 1904 and 1905, in respect of Shares repurchased							58,034 15 12
Balance—							
Profit for the year carried to Appropriation Account ..				518,677	10	11	
							£607,632 1 10
<hr/>							
Cr.							
By Dividends on Shareholdings—							
Glen Deep, Ltd.—15 per cent.	£37,866	18	9				
Rose Deep, Ltd.—20 per cent.	30,846	8	0				
Geldenhuis Deep, Ltd.—40 per cent. ..	49,083	4	0				
Nourse Mines, Ltd.—25 per cent.	71,853	5	0				
Ferreira Deep, Ltd.—35 per cent.	158,999	1	0				
Crown Deep, Ltd.—80 per cent.	153,243	0	0				
Village Main Reef G. M. Co., Ltd.—40 p.c.	20,978	16	0				
Robinson Central Deep, Ltd.—75 per cent.	58,098	0	0				
				£576,913	12	9	
Reservoirs—							
Net Revenue				20,044	6	5	
Sundry Revenue				1,674	2	8	
							£607,632 1 10

APPROPRIATION ACCOUNT.

Dr.		APPROPRIATION ACCOUNT.	
To Investment Account Funds Appropriated for			
Year	£157,123	6	5
Dividend Account—			
Interim Dividend No. 6 of			
100 per cent. declared 14th			
June, 1906	£538,786	16	0
Interim Dividend No. 7 of			
60 per cent. declared 13th			
December, 1906	269,393	8	0
	808,180	4	0
Balance Unappropriated—			
Carried to Balance Sheet	757,244	6	2
	£1,722,547	16	7

Cr.					
By Balance Unappropriated—					
As per Balance-sheet, December 31, 1905	£1,203,370	5 8
Balance of Profit and Loss Account—					
For the year ending December 31, 1906	518,677	10 11
				<u>£1,722,547</u>	<u>16 7</u>

H. A. READ, Secretary.

L. REYERSBACH, Chairman.
W. H. DAWE, Director.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet, Profit and Loss Account, and Appropriation Account, with the Books, Accounts and Vouchers of the Company, and certify that, in our opinion, the Balance Sheet is full and fair, contains the particulars required by the Articles of Association of the Company, and is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the whole of the Company's affairs.

C. L. ANDERSSON & CO.,
Incorporated Accountants,
THOS. DOUGLAS,
Chartered Accountant,

Auditors.

Johannesburg, March 14, 1907.

ROBINSON GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

BALANCE SHEET at 31st December, 1906.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Capital Account—						
550,000 Shares of £5 each	2,750,000	0	0			
Profits Reinvested in the Under-						
taking—						
As per Balance Sheet, 31st December,						
1905	444,438	11	6			
Additional amount transferred from Profit						
and Loss Account for year	22,044	13	3	465,483	6	9
Dividends Unpaid	8,450	12	3			
Dividend No. 29—						
Declared December, 1906	302,500	0	0			
	310,950	12	3			
Sundry Creditors—						
On account of Wages, Stores, &c. ..	26,231	9	7			
Transvaal Government: On account of						
Profits Tax for 1906	55,709	14	0	392,891	15	10
Reserve Gold—						
At 31st December, 1906	57,716	8	2			
Profit and Loss Account	98,039	15	9			
NOTE.—There are further liabilities						
on account of Shares subscribed						
for:—						
Chamber of Mines Labour Impor-						
tation Agency, Ltd.—£2 2s. per						
Share uncalled on 3,617 Shares ..	£7,595	14	0			
Co-operative Exchange Yard, Ltd.						
—£64 per Share uncalled on 61						
Shares	3,904	0	0			
Rand Mutual Assurance Co., Ltd.—						
£0 per Share uncalled on 251						
Shares	2,250	0	0			
Witwatersrand Native Labour As-						
sociation, Ltd.—8s. per Share						
uncalled on 723 Shares	289	4	0			
	£14,047	18	0			
				£3,765,131	6	6

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	3,253,710	9	0			
Sundry Debtors and Payments in Advance ..	8,258	18	5			
Cash—						
On fixed Deposit	£102,791	7	2			
At call, bearing Interest	315,873	14	0			
At Bankers and in hand	3,950	13	3	422,615	14	5
Gold in Transit				80,546	4	8
				503,161	19	1
				£3,765,131	6	6

Working Revenue and Expenditure Account for the Year ended 31st December, 1906.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Mining Expenses	216,034	3	2			
Development	38,121	17	6			
Reduction Expenses	110,272	15	6			
Additions to Machinery and Plant	3,042	15	1			
General Expenses (Mine)	16,999	11	3	384,471	2	6
General Expenses (Head Office)—						
Salaries, London and Paris Agency Fees, &c. ..	5,757	3	4			
Stationery, Advertising, Printing, &c. ..	1,228	5	3			
Directors' and Auditors' Fees	1,962	10	0			
Licenses	355	5	0			
Legal and Sundry Expenses	1,084	2	1	10,387	5	8
Balance Carried Forward to Profit and Loss				394,858	8	2
Account				632,382	4	4
				£1,027,240	12	6
Cr.						
By Gold Account				£1,027,240	12	6

Profit and Loss Account for the Year ended 31st December, 1906.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Exchange and Commission	1,903	1	3			
Profits Tax	55,835	2	11			
Donations	265	0	0			
Dividends	550,000	0	0			
Transferred to Profits Reinvested in the Under-						
taking	22,044	15	3			
Balance carried to Balance Sheet	98,039	15	9	£728,087	15	2
Cr.						
By Balance from Profit and Loss Account, 31st December, 1905 ..	75,322	0	1			
Balance from Revenue and Expenditure Account	632,382	4	4			
Sundry Revenue—						
Dividends received on the Company's hold-						
ing in Robinson Central Deep, Ltd., Shares ..	£6,576	15	0			
Interest, rents, &c.	13,806	15	9	20,383	10	9
				£728,087	15	2

L. REVERSEBACH, Chairman.
W. BUSCH, Director.

S. C. STEIL, Secretary.

We have examined the Books and Accounts of the Robinson Gold Mining Company, Ltd., together with the Vouchers and Documents relating thereto, and we hereby certify that in our opinion the above statement is a full and fair Balance Sheet, containing the particulars required by the Articles of Association, and properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the whole of the Company's affairs at 31st December, 1906. The Securities have been exhibited to us, and found in order.

H. J. MACRAE,
Incorporated Accountant,
C. L. ANDERSSON & CO.,
Incorporated Accountants, } Auditors.

Johannesburg, 20th March, 1907.

At the Annual General Meeting, the Chairman (Mr. L. Reversebach) said: The reports for the year ending 31st December, 1906, show a record year for the Company. The tonnage crushed, the value of the gold recovered, and the dividends paid, were the highest in any one year since the inception of the Company, and the working costs were the lowest, in addition to which the ore reserves have been largely increased. The value of the gold recovered was £1,027,240 12s. 6d., equal to 56s. 8³d. per ton. Compared with 1905, the total output was £113,936 17s. 7d. more, and the value per ton was 1s. 0⁶d. higher.

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